# SCREENLAND

August

5¢

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Gene Tierney

MY PROBLEMS AS A WAR WIFE BY GENE TIERNEY

EXCLUSIVE Candid Photos of FRANK SINATRA

NOV -5 1943

# "Pour Yourself a pair of Stockings"*

. . . with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP For The Legs. You'll like its new, improved formula better than ever. This sleek leg make-up that looks like sheer silk, now goes on more easily, smoothly, quickly . . . and because it's "rub-off proof", it stays on flawlessly without streaking. So for lasting leg-glamour "Pour Yourself A Pair Of Stockings" with the leg make-up used by more women than any other brand—MINER'S, ***the original leg make-up.*** Your choice of two new shades: Rose Beige or Golden Mist . . . 25c, 50c & $1.00 everywhere.

## MINER'S *Liquid* MAKE-UP *for the legs*

*T. M. Reg.

THE ORIGINAL LEG MAKE-UP

# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

## hearts rule heads if a smile is lovely!

**Put a bright sparkle in your smile. Make it your winning charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage.**

HERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! Here's to your success in winning friends, romance—your heart's desire. Yes, you can do it—*if your smile is right.* For the girl with a lovely, flashing smile has a radiant and appealing charm!

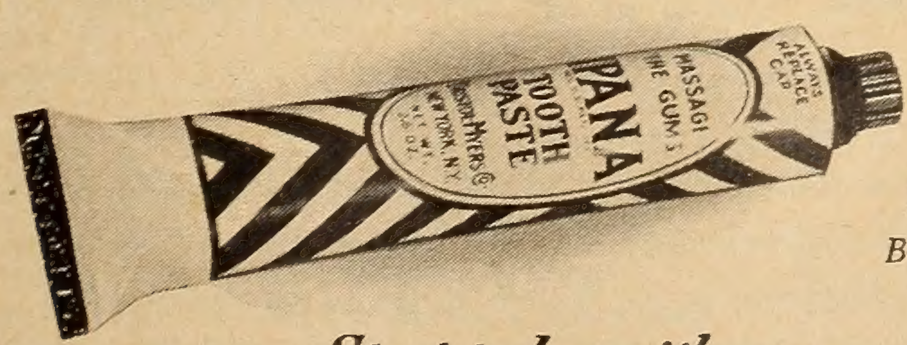
So smile, plain girl, smile. But remember, for the kind of smile that wins attention you need bright, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

**Never ignore "pink tooth brush!"**

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

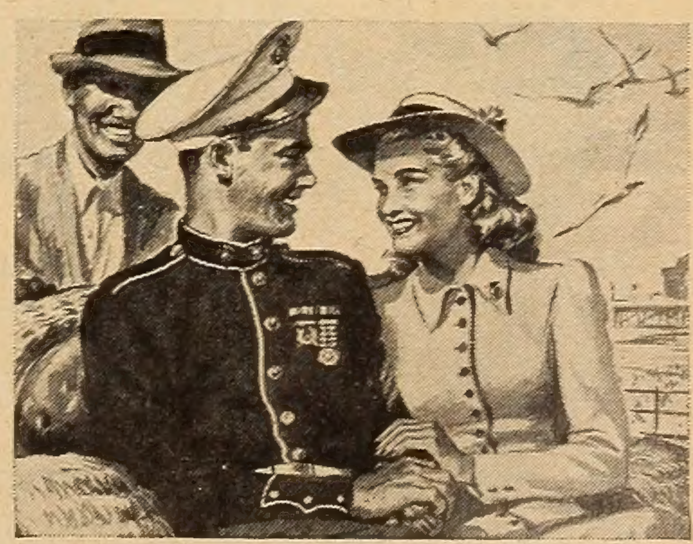
Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*Start today with*

## ·IPANA and MASSAGE



**Beau-catching Charm** — see how a sparkling smile can add to the fun in your life. Enlist the beauty aid of Ipana and massage.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

**LION'S ROAR**

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

In the pictures to come from M-G-M, you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

★ ★ ★ ★

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?

In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.

Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy."

★ ★ ★ ★

His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.

★ ★ ★

Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

★ ★ ★

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be beeg.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divvil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."

★ ★ ★

We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

★ ★ ★

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

★ ★ ★ ★

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

★ ★ ★

And the Maestro of them all is

—Leo

# SCREENLAND

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BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS KEEP IT UP!

August, 1943 — Vol. XLVII, No. 4


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Natural Color Cover Portrait of GENE TIERNEY, 20th Century-Fox


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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

# Can you date these songs?

**War** songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention . . . Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

**Flappers** flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio. Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection . . . disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.

**"Flaming Youth."** Women plucked eyebrows, discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, *narrower* pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners . . . softened gauze, for greater comfort.

**Empress Eugenie** was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby . . . don't cause telltale outlines.

**Jitterbug Era.** A king and queen ate hot dogs in America. New York's World's Fair: parachute drop and Aquacade. The Conga. Bustles. Wasp waists. "Cigarette silhouette," and women in 1939 grateful for the latest Kotex improvement: a snug, softer, *cushioned* pad with a double-duty safety center to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**It's a Woman's World** today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in *this* war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

# HOT from HOLLYWOOD

NEVER let it be said that George Montgomery wastes any time. The day he was inducted at Ft. McArthur, Joan Leslie was on location there, taking some scenes for "This Is The Army." George saw Joan, talked to her and ended up by asking her for her phone number—so they could have a date on his first leave!

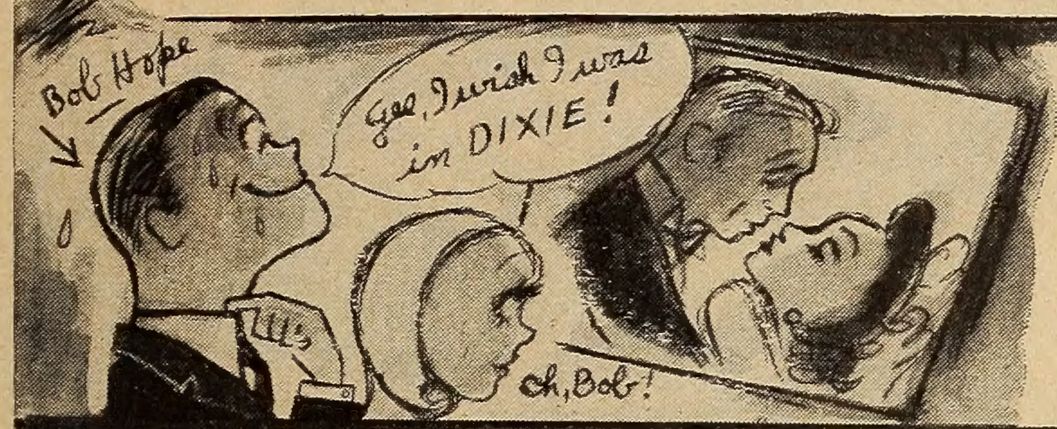
TWICE before Bob Sterling suffered attacks of appendicitis. But he wanted to complete the number of flying hours required by the United States Army Air Corps. So one night he was rushed to the hospital. Ann Sothern tried in vain to be in Arizona for the operation. But it was against all regulations of course. She waited up all night to hear that Bob was out of danger. When Bob got a sick leave they were married. She and Bob are very much in love and so deserving of their happiness.

FOR years John Wayne and a group of fellows have been going to the Springs together, usually just before John starts a new picture and feels the need of getting in condition. So suddenly a Hollywood gossip announces (doesn't even say maybe) that the John Waynes are getting a divorce. Mrs. Wayne was so upset she called John. Then John was so upset his vacation was ruined and he came home. The Waynes are one of the happiest couples in Hollywood. They have four children whom John adores. They have always lived the same sane and wholesome kind of life. Too bad nice people can't be left alone.

THE news that Orson Welles received a 4-F from the induction board probably won't cause Vic Mature to turn handsprings. While Vic is out to sea, Orson and Rita Hayworth seem to have discovered a lot in common. Rita says it's nothing serious. But Orson waits for her at radio stations, calls for her at the studio and certainly beams back at her when they dine out together. Well, as one Hollywood wag put it, "If Rita and Vic don't get back together—he still has himself!"

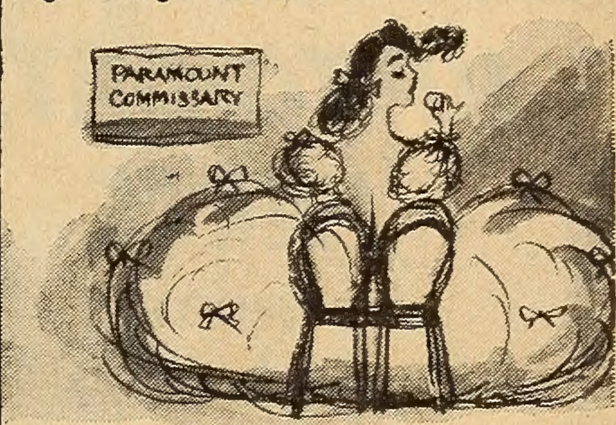
John Loder and Hedy Lamarr doin' the dishes at the Hollywood Canteen. They became Mr. and Mrs. recently. At the Trocadero, left, Edgar Bergen and Rudy Vallee welcomed Kate Smith to Hollywood, where she appeared in a scene for "This Is The Army"; and Sonja Henie and hubby Capt. Dan Topping, Jr., entertaining Carole Landis (look under the big hat), at Ciro's.

# Melisse GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS




Everything's going to be *Dixie* this summer. 'Cause "DIXIE" is the most wonderful musical Paramount has ever "mused." Bing looks simply super in Technicolor (his first appearance), Dotty's divine as a glamour girl of the old South, and I loved the romantic story of how that glorious song "Dixie" was born.

Bing sings some of his five solid song hits into the adorable ear of Marjorie Reynolds—you know, the blonde lovely of "Holiday Inn." It's a three-some romance—if you know what I mean. I won't tell you who wins, but gosh what those girls go through. Tsk-tsk!

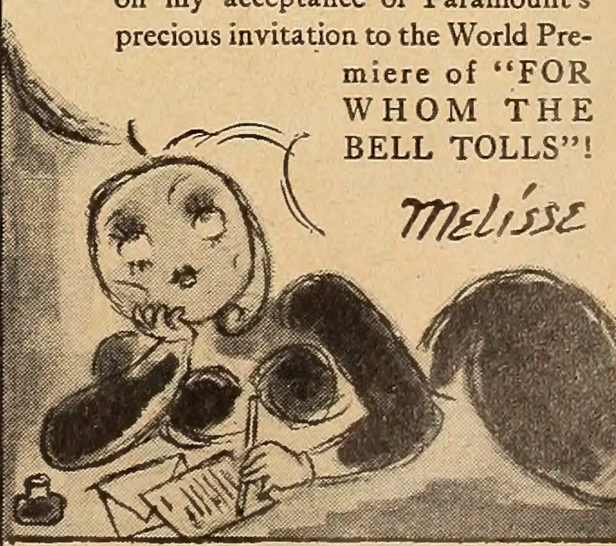



And those costumes! One of Dotty's was so beautifully billowy, she had to sit on *two chairs* in the studio commissary.

Where there's smoke there's Bing! And the fires he starts with his favorite pipe, and his stunning minstrel shows, are in most beautiful Technicolor!... It's *gay* down South in "Dixie."

*Things you hear around the Paramount Lot*... "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL" is nearly finished and it looks grand. "FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO" and "CHINA" are drawing tremendous crowds all around the country... And I've just dashed off my acceptance of Paramount's precious invitation to the World Premiere of "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"!

Melisse




PARAMOUNT'S GREAT NEW MUSICAL

*in Technicolor!*

DIXIE

With 12 Great Songs—including Bing's 5 New Hit-Parade Hits!

"SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS"

"SHE'S FROM MISSOURI"

"KINDA PECULIAR BROWN"

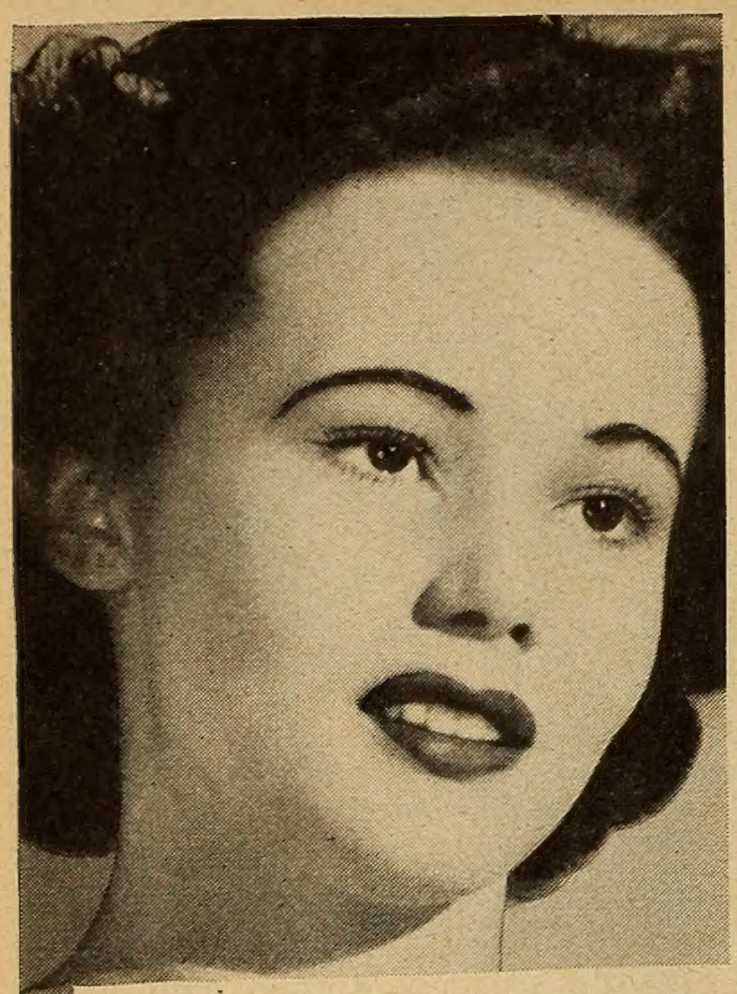
"LAUGHING TONY"

"A HORSE THAT KNOWS THE WAY BACK HOME"

with BING Crosby DOROTHY Lamour

and MARJORIE REYNOLDS · BILLY DE WOLFE · LYNNE OVERMAN · RAYMOND WALBURN · EDDIE FOY, JR.

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware
Adaptation by Claude Binyon • A Paramount Picture



# UP-TO-DATE FACTS

no woman should be denied!

**SAFE NEW WAY IN FEMININE HYGIENE GIVES *Continuous Action For Hours!***

It is appalling that so many women still risk happiness—even health—because they do not have the *up-to-date* facts about modern feminine hygiene!

Many who think they know, have only half-knowledge! And so, they make the mistake of relying on weak ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

**FREE:** Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7810A 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

# STREAMLINED LIVING

## By Betty Boone

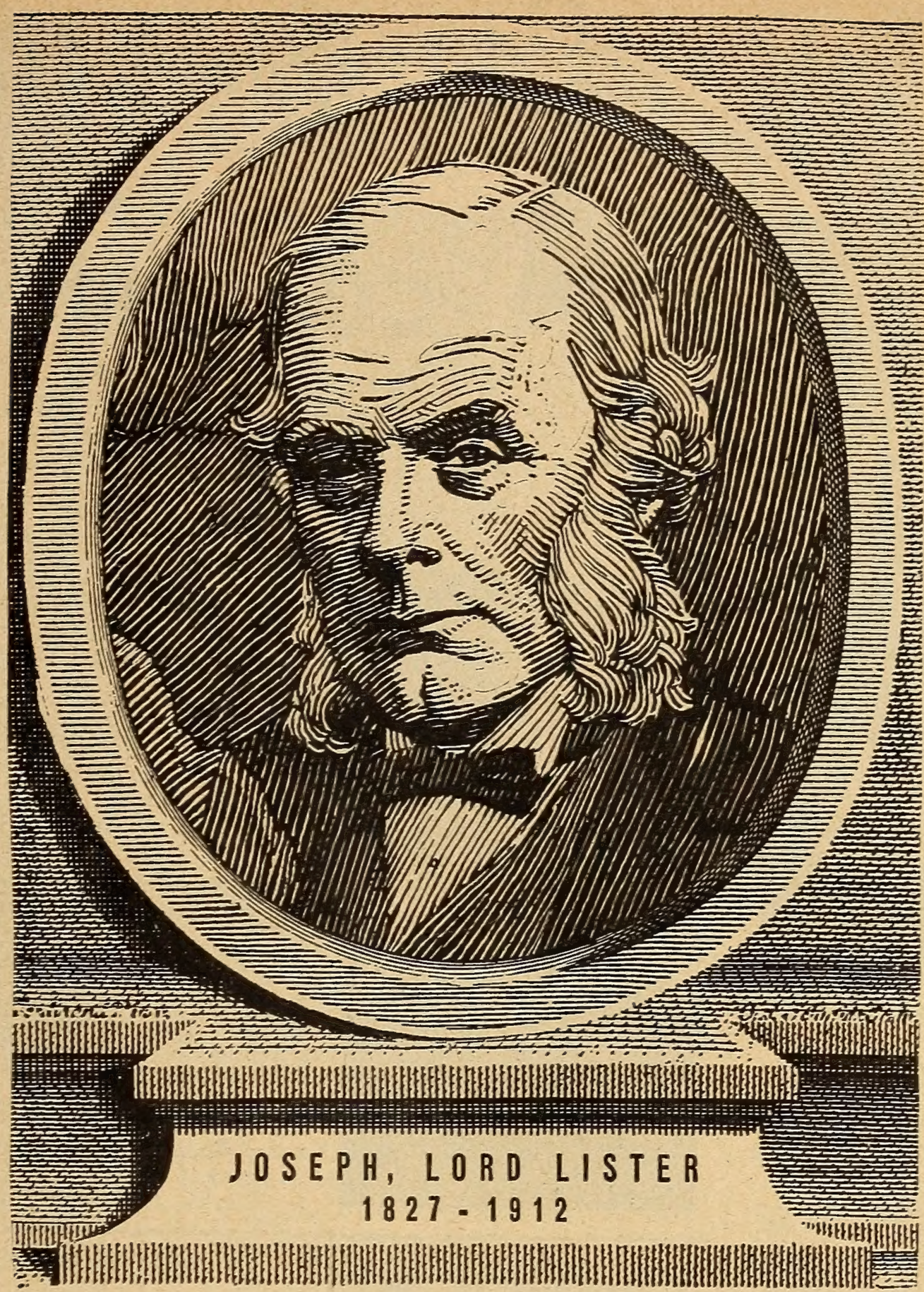
TWO months without a maid has brought out that pioneer spirit in Jane Wyatt. Other glamor girls may give up their big houses and move into hotels or apartments, where service is less of a problem, and someone else can worry about the garden—but not Jane. She likes to have plenty of room, lots of flowers, space to work and play in, and grounds for Victory gardens.

Young Mrs. Edgar Ward (her off-screen name) lives in an English house on a shady street in Hollywood. The lawns in front of the house are bordered with Jane's strawberry plants; her artichoke bushes center circular flower beds; hard-to-raise camellias fringe the drive.

Back of the house is a hardy orchard of

Jane always hated to sew—but these days she makes her own draperies and enjoys it. She painted her patio furniture herself (top).

**INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES TODAY!**




# THE FATHER OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

*In service more than 60 years*

*The safe antiseptic and germicide*

*and the antiseptic which was named for him*

# Catch the Gleam in His Eye

## WITH COLOR-BRIGHT HAIR

*Try this Thrilling New "Make-Up" Hair Rinse!*

BRUSH ENCHANTMENT into your hair with Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! See it shine and gleam with the flattering *color-brightness* of youth! At home, after your shampoo, dissolve Marchand's delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Cuts soap film . . . enlivens the natural color-tone . . . does for your hair what rouge and lipstick do for your face.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a *bleach!* Not a *permanent dye!* Can't harm your hair — safe as lemon or vinegar. Goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Twelve different shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

# Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

**6 Rinses—25c**
**2 Rinses—10c**
***At all Drug Counters***

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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# SONGWRITERS

If you're really interested in songwriting, you should write for our free booklet. It explains our splendid service plan which new writers praise so highly. Let us help you as we have helped others. Write today for FREE INSPIRING BOOKLET.

**ALLIED MUSIC CO., Dept. 10, 204 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio**

Of course you won't want to miss

**CAGNEY—OUT OF CHARACTER**

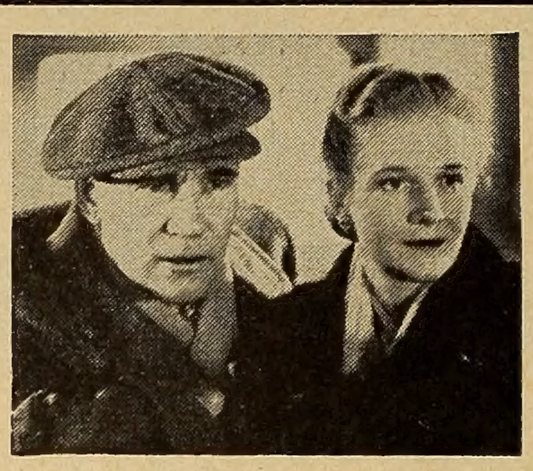
An exclusive interview with Jimmy. Read it in your September SCREENLAND

# *Your* GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*

### STAGE DOOR CANTEEN—*United Artists*

A great show! So big, so spirited, so touching and so human it emerges as the best entertainment to come out of Hollywood in this war. Based on the splendid job being done by the men and women of the American Theater Wing in welcoming and cheering up our boys in the service, it's the real thing—a glorified "big name" variety show with great personalities of stage, screen, and radio performing against the background of the first, famed Stage Door Canteen. Highlights: Lon McAllister's scene with Kit Cornell, Cheryl Walker's with Katharine Hepburn; love scenes of Cheryl and Bill Terry, Lon and Marjorie Riordan.

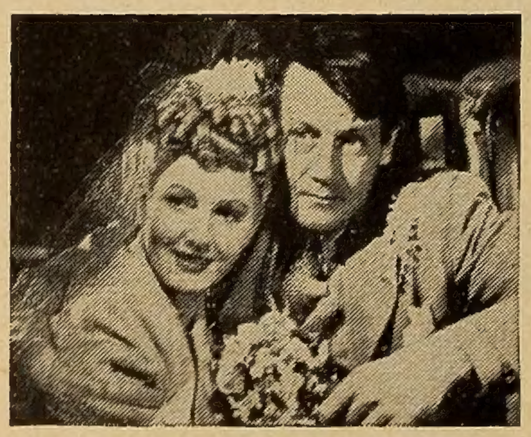


### MISSION TO MOSCOW—*Warners*

Here is one picture you must not miss if you want to keep up with the movie parade. It is the most discussed screenplay of recent months, with newspaper criticism and fan-to-fan argument flowing freely. Whether you go all-out for the picture or not, you will surely find it stimulating and never dull. Joseph E. Davies' experiences in Moscow, his meeting with Stalin, his efforts to make the rest of the world understand the purposes and politics of the Russians—add up to absorbing entertainment. Walter Huston as Davies, Ann Harding as Mrs. D., and Oscar Homolka as Litvinov, splendid.

### LADY OF BURLESQUE—*United Artists*

Gypsy Rose Lee's novel, "The G-String Murders," becomes a fast-moving screen thriller with some genuinely amusing moments between killings. Barbara Stanwyck scores as *Dixie Daisy,* down-to-earth burlesque actress involved in the murder of two rivals, and newcomer Michael O'Shea makes the most of his rôle of *Biff Brannigan,* brash comic who helps solve the murders and finally wins the elusive *Dixie.* Scenes back-stage at the "Old Opera House" where most of the action occurs have plenty of rough and ready atmosphere. Barbara's saucy near-strip tease is a classic.



### THE MORE THE MERRIER—*Columbia*

A sparkling, romantic comedy about the housing shortage in wartime Washington and the hilarious adventures of a young war worker (Jean Arthur), who decides to rent part of her apartment. By trickery, building tycoon *Dingle* (Charles Coburn) becomes her tenant, sublets half of his half to an Air Corps Sergeant (Joel McCrea), and proceeds to play Cupid. After some screamingly funny incidents, the two are married and *Dingle* is happy. Jean, Joel, and Coburn make the most of every opportunity their rôles afford. It's gay, sophisticated fun. There's not a dull moment.

### PRESENTING LILY MARS—*M-G-M*

Romance and comedy, music and dancing are smoothly and pleasantly combined in this movie about a stage-struck girl, *Lily,* played by Judy Garland, who hounds a producer (Van Heflin) into giving her a small part in his show. When the musical's temperamental songstress (Marta Eggerth) walks out, Judy gets a chance at the star part. Although he has switched his affections from Marta to Judy, Van realizes she is too inexperienced for the top part and brings back Miss Eggerth, who drops out of the romantic triangle. Judy and Van, fine; Marta lends superb support. Entertaining.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY—*M-G-M*

The picture femme fans have been waiting for because it introduces Pierre Aumont to American films. They won't be disappointed, since the handsome French star lives up to expectations in this thrilling spy story, laid in Occupied France, in the rôle of a Free Frenchman who, as a British agent, assumes identity of another Frenchman—a traitor lying wounded in a British hospital—to locate a Nazi U-boat base so the Commandos can raid it. He succeeds, with the help of the man's fiancée and mother, who sanction the deception, but not until he is tortured by the Gestapo. Of course, he falls in love with the girl (Susan Peters). Exciting; has action, good suspense.

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT—*20th Century-Fox*

A grim tale of a tragic incident in the Old West when three men, *suspected* of murdering a rancher, are lynched by a bloodthirsty mob, who take the law in their own hands. The gruesome deed attended to, they are met with news that the rancher is alive, but wounded, and the guilty party already behind bars. The stark drama, which happens in Nevada in 1885, shows frontiersmen as cowardly and cruel, not the heroes they are usually painted in most Westerns. Acting is fine throughout, with Henry Fonda exceptionally good as an onlooker whose doubts are aroused too late to avoid the hangings, and Dana Andrews giving a touching performance as one of tragic trio. Has tense, suspenseful moments.

REVEILLE WITH BEVERLY—*Columbia*

Swing fans will go for this one. It's not much as a story and has little to offer other than the hot jive so, unless you're a hep cat, you'd better skip it. It's about a girl who conducts an early-morning radio program (especially aimed at some boys at a certain Army camp) by sounding reveille with phonograph recordings of steaming jive, including: Bob Crosby's Band in *Big Noise from Winnetka;* Freddie Slack's orchestra with Ella Mae Morse swinging *Cow Cow Boogie;* Duke Ellington doing *Take the 'A' Train;* Count Basie's Band; *AND* the new singing sensation, Frank Sinatra, singing *Night and Day!* Ann Miller, as *Beverly,* makes the most of a poor rôle.


# Quick Trick for Charm— this half minute with Mum!

**Don't risk underarm odor! Use Mum every day. It's speedy, safe, sure!**

A GIRL may have beauty and brains—she may have a sparkling personality and pretty clothes. But who will stay around to admire if underarm odor tells that she's careless about daintiness!

No one excuses this fault. Even with a daily bath you can't be *sure*—baths only remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor it's a very wise precaution to make Mum a daily habit!

Mum is so dependable! Summer or winter, Mum works! It prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes!

Every busy day, every social evening, give half a minute to Mum. Stay appealing, dainty—a girl it's nice to date! Ask your druggist for Mum today!

• • •

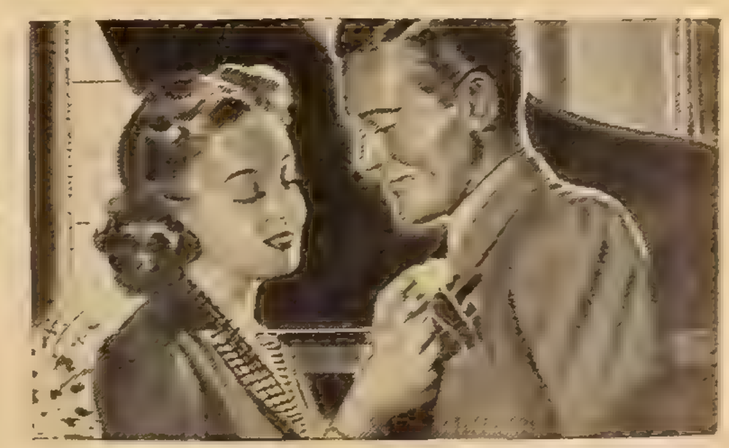
For Sanitary Napkins *you need a safe, gentle, dependable deodorant. Use Mum!*

**It's good business** to be always nice to have around! So start every day right—with Mum. Mum's so quick, convenient—grand when you're in a hurry!

**Don't gamble** with friendships—don't risk underarm odor! Mum is *sure*—without stopping perspiration it prevents odor for a whole day or evening!

*A product of Bristol-Myers*

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



**Stay Popular** through the evening ahead! No underarm odor worries when your charm is protected by Mum. Use Mum before dates—and happy romancing!

*Debutante... 1943 style... she stays sweeter with NEET*

**Stay Sweet... Get NEET!**

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is *answering the call to arms*... the arms of thousands of war-active women who need *more than ever* the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 10¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

**KEEP NEAT WITH...**

**CORNS**

and Calluses quickly removed with MOSCO. Relieves Ingrown Nails. Easy to use. Just rub on. At your Druggist. Jars 30c, 50c. **Money refunded if not satisfied.** The Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

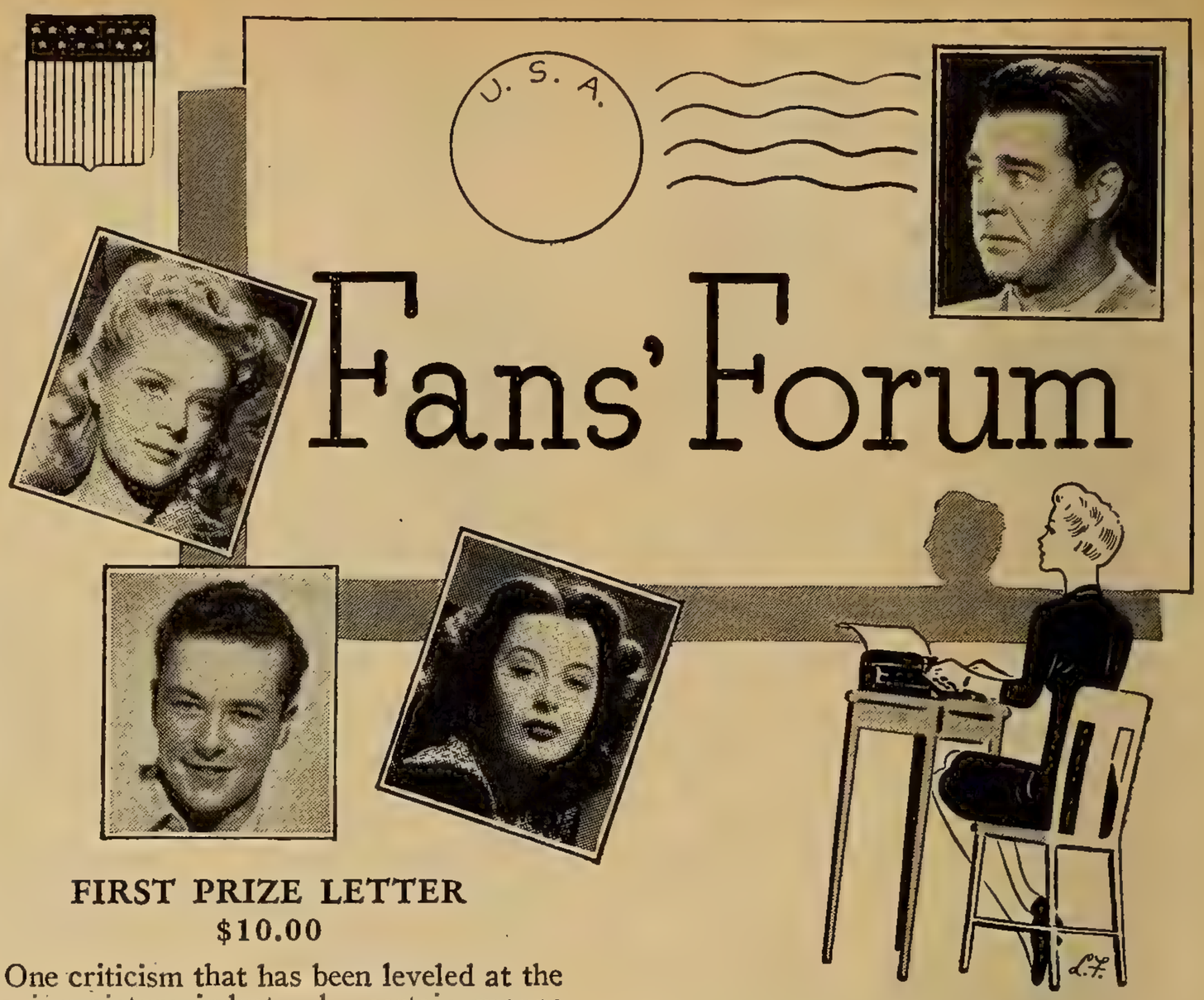
**MOSCO** CORN REMOVER

**I'm not following an old feminine custom**

Thanks to the improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills—and the girls at the plant who told me about them—I no longer suffer on "difficult days". Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective for simple periodic distress because they're more than just a pain-killer. One of their ingredients is intended to help relax cramps and tensions that cause pain. And there's an added iron factor tending to help build up your blood. Be sure to try them for "those days". Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50¢ size, and follow directions on the package.

**CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS**

*For relief from "periodic functional distress"*


## FIRST PRIZE LETTER
### $10.00

One criticism that has been leveled at the moving picture industry by certain groups and individuals is that their chief value seems to be as an "escape mechanism." Of course, this is not the whole truth, for entertainment and education have also been provided.

Nevertheless, it is no doubt true that a large number of those who attend *do* go to escape the drudgeries and problems of life. But why should this be thought so terrible? Do we not read good books for the same reason? Or go on vacations (B.T.C. —Before Tire Conservation!)? Or, for that matter, even attend church with much the same idea in mind?

Now, if this "escapist" idea were the only reason, perhaps it would not be justified in any field of entertainment or relaxation. On the other hand, we NEED to escape the harsh realties of war, privation and disappointment. Churchill has constantly urged England to play; Roosevelt has unofficially approved baseball for the duration. Many times I've come away from a good movie feeling relaxed and refreshed, and better able to tackle my job.

**REV. WILLIS J. LOAR, Spokane, Wash.**

## SECOND PRIZE LETTER
### $5.00

I am a movie fan. None more so! Everything about the movies is right, with me! The whole industry can do no wrong! They are just like the rest of us. Good and bad! The publicity they get is their greatest enemy! I am with them hook, line, and sinker! From the least of these to the top-notchers! But—here are a few friendly "whys" that bother me:

Why cast a likable personality like Lon Chaney, Jr., in horror rôles; charming, fascinating George Sanders in villain and Nazi parts; Greta Garbo in "Two-Faced Woman," bringing out all her worst physical features; Tyrone Power in glamor rôles when he is the home-town type; slapstick parts given to our dramatic stars when the slapstick artists can do it 100% better?

Why do the best of directors let little discrepancies creep into the action of an otherwise perfect picture? Sometimes very obvious, and at others not so much so, but enough to break the realism we have built up on the breathless story. The casual fights have professional knock-out punches. The most plausible and funniest fight I have ever seen on the screen (barring lumberjack brawls—I was raised in a logging town), was the one between Don Ameche and Van Heflin in "The Feminine Touch." I all but rolled in the aisle.

And why use superlatives in describing a picture which make us hurry to see it, expecting a fine film, and then find it below ordinary?

**JO WENDEL, Albert Lea, Minn.**

### WANTED: CANDID "CRITICS"!

Become a "movie critic" by writing your views—praise or criticism—to this department. It's easy and it's fun! And it's a nice way to get a lot of things off your chest regarding the movies and screen stars. So get out your writing paraphernalia and go to it! Your letter may be awarded one of the War Savings Stamps prizes. SCREENLAND awards monthly prizes of $10.00 for the best letter published; $5.00 for the second best; and five $1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address letters to FANS' FORUM, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

## FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
### $1.00 EACH

Being a long way from home and feeling a little blue, I decided to walk two miles to a movie one night.

As the title "Happy Go Lucky" flashed on the screen, followed by Betty Hutton's name as one of its stars, I perked up and enjoyed nearly two hours of hilarious fun.

I walked two miles to see her show that night, and I'll gladly walk ten to see her in her next picture.

Betty Hutton is tops in my books; she has personality plus; she has beauty; she has talent—in fact, she has *everything!*

Thanks to Betty, she made me forget for a while that I was a thousand miles from home, among strangers, and helped me forget the countless worries a serviceman has about his home and family.

I'm sending my hearty thanks to Miss Hutton and the rest of the cast of "Happy Go Lucky" for a wonderful evening.
**PVT. E. D. OAKLEY, Parris Island, So. Car.**

I've just read the letter published in the Forum in a recent issue of SCREENLAND in which Ruth Bracker Stone severely criticized Hedy Lamarr. Boy! Am I mad! Referring to her rôle as *Tondeleyo* in "White Cargo," Miss Stone said Hedy is not a good actress. She also said she saw the picture with a handsome soldier and that he remarked that Hedy was making him nervous. Just the fact that she made him nervous proves Hedy must be quite a good actress, or else why did he react the way he did? Certainly *Tondeleyo* and her actions were enough to make anyone nervous. Maybe the soldier was putting himself in *Langford's* place.

Also, *Tondeleyo* was supposed to be an enchantingly beautiful creature, so even if Hedy couldn't act, she was the only one who fitted perfectly for the rôle. Who can deny that Hedy Lamarr is beautiful?
**FANI PRESTA, South Bend, Ind.**

A couple of weeks ago "Hitler's Children" was showing at our theater and our gang decided to go. None of us expected to like it, but the picture was great!

Tim Holt and Bonita Granville were tops, and we would like to see them in more leading rôles. Although the supporting cast was made up largely of "unknowns," may I say there was not one weak performance in the lot.

The picture made us realize that our boys are fighting to keep such "education for death" from spreading.

On the way home, someone started singing *God Bless America,* but "Hitler's Children" made each and everyone of us realize that by sparing us from such tryants as Hitler—God *has* blessed America!
**MRS. J. W. STRICKLAND, Okla. City, Okla.**

I first saw "Hello, Frisco, Hello" when it opened at our neighborhood theater. I went mainly because three of my favorite stars (Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie) were leading the bill and because it was a musical, which, incidentally, is my favorite type of picture. But when I left the theater, I had not only added another favorite to my long list (June Havoc), but I had been impressed by the magnitude of Miss Faye's acting and those wonderful old songs. This picture is not only another "hit" musical for 20th Century-Fox, but it's a wonderful shrine for that glowing Barbary Coast era.

I take my hat off to those who produced and wrote the music and script for this picture of pictures. We of America will never have to worry about morale as long as pictures of this caliber are produced.
**BILL WERRETT, Lynwood, Calif.**

For years I have been beholding the Sweet Young Thing gazing horrified and transfixed at witnessing her sweetheart taking a shellacking in a movie rough-and-tumble fight with the villain. So many articles are lying about with which she could conk the foe, but no—she must ever stand dumb, frightened and helpless.

At long last, in response to my prayers, there came flickering along "Whistling In Dixie," starring Red Skelton, with Ann Rutherford as the outstanding feminine interest. In this photoplay Miss Rutherford discards movie traditional fear in coming to her boy friend's defense—and how! Twice—three times—she literally swarms all over Red's adversary, kicking and clawing. And did the audience register elation!

Let's glimpse more heroines giving screen bad men a wack on the head. Let's see more berumpled feminine hair-dos.
**HERB ROEMER, Kansas City, Mo.**


BETTY HUTTON in "Let's Face It" A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

TRY Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

YOU'LL have your most thrilling lipstick experience when you try this remarkable lipstick created by *Max Factor Hollywood*...for the color stays on through every lipstick test.

There are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...created to accent the allure of your lips. These shades are exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick...all based on an original patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

Tru-Color Lipstick is smooth in texture and non-drying, too... so it safeguards the soft, smooth loveliness of your lips. Try it today...$1

*Complete your make-up*
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

*U.S. Patents No. 2157667 2211465

Max Factor * Hollywood

Below, Joan Leslie, lovely Warner dancer in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," whirls by! Limbering exercises are good for you right to the tips of your toes, so says Frances Rafferty (photos bottom of page), playing in "As Thousands Cheer," for Metro.

# Light ON YOUR FEET

## By Josephine Felts

IF YOU were a dancer like lovely Joan Leslie, think what care and attention you would give your feet! They would be one of the most precious things you owned. But today no dancer in the world should take better care of her feet than you take of yours. You are a worker! You have vitally necessary things to do all day long. You are on your feet a great deal.

Nobody needs to tell you what healthy, comfortable feet mean in the satisfactory accomplishment of your job, particularly now that you are walking so much more than ever before. We hear a great deal about absenteeism from work. Don't let ailing feet put you on any absentee list! You don't want to limp; you don't want to frown; so here are some helpful tips on the right kind of care to give your feet.

One of the pieces of good advice everyone is likely to give you, is to bathe tired aching feet in an Epsom salts bath at night. This is good as far as it goes, but there is much more to do for foot comfort.

Feet need fresh air and exercise, a chance to stretch and we almost said, a chance to breathe, yet we confine them in close hot quarters all day and much of the night. Let your feet out once in a while and wriggle your toes in the sun! You needn't go to a beach to do this. Use your back yard!

Try to go barefoot a little during this summer, at least around your own home. Foot experts tell us to walk pigeon-toed when barefoot; and funny as this sounds, and much as we would prefer, I suspect, to do so without any audience, it really has a good reason behind it. Feet grip the floor more firmly and have better support, pigeon-toed, than when we "toe out." You will see the point if you think of the natural position of your hands when you are about to grasp something heavy. If you are going to lift a heavy object with both hands you automatically turn your hands in, for strength. Practice walking barefoot pigeon-toed across the room gripping

(*Please turn to page* 61)

*You'll wind his heart around your finger*
*With shining hair that makes eyes linger!*

# *No other shampoo*
# leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*

FOR PLAY IN THE SUN—make your own "halter" from two huge bandanas. Knot them together behind your neck, criss-cross in front, then tie in back at waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in keeping—simple, practical, like this lovely, new "upsweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

**Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!**

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man when your hair has that lustrous, shining "live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

*Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

# Special Drene
with
# *Hair Conditioner*

HERE'S THAT AGE OF INNOCENCE WITH THAT GLEAM IN ITS EYE!

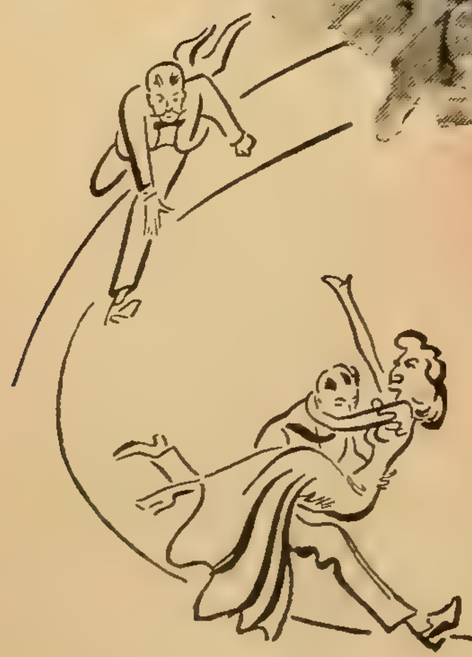
It's the naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"... and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising...swell Lubitsch fun!

Ernst Lubitsch's PRODUCTION

# HEAVEN CAN WAIT

in Technicolor

"I'M IN IT, TOO!"



GENE TIERNEY • DON AMECHE

CHARLES COBURN • MARJORIE MAIN • LAIRD CREGAR

SPRING BYINGTON • ALLYN JOSLYN • EUGENE PALLETTE • SIGNE HASSO

LOUIS CALHERN • HELENE REYNOLDS • AUBREY MATHER • MICHAEL AMES

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch • Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson

Based upon the Play "Birthday" by Lazlo Bus-Fekete

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

# The Editor's Page

## AN OPEN LETTER TO MIKE O'SHEA

DEAR O'Shea:

You don't look like a carbon copy to me. So what's this they're calling you: "another Jimmy Cagney" or "the young Spencer Tracy"? Since seeing you as *Biff Brannigan* in "Lady of Burlesque"—putty nose, baggy pants, and all—I'd say you were the "original Mike O'Shea," and very welcome, too. Sure and there may be certain resemblances to actual characters—you're just as pugnacious as Cagney, and you show signs of some of Tracy's moody intensity, and you're as solid and substantial an actor as Pat O'Brien. You should be; you've played everything from burlesque to Maxwell Anderson; and Broadway audiences were applauding you in "The Eve of St. Mark" when Hunt Stromberg, one of Hollywood's better producers, picked you out of the cast for pictures. There's no part you can't play because you've played 'em all in private life: errand boy and clerk, bricklayer and soda jerker, window-dresser and bell-hop. And played them all with charm and humor. The rôle of new screen find is just another in your long list. Coming back East on personal appearances for "Lady of Burlesque" you made a bee-line for a certain swank Park Avenue hotel. The obsequious manager hovered around. "Is everything perfectly satisfactory, Mr. O'Shea?" he purred. "No, I like the room I had when I stayed here before," you told him. "But of course, Mr. O'Shea, we'll move you—tell us which room it was." "Afraid not," you said. "That was 20 years ago, and I was a bell-hop." The hotel man is still gasping. You, I'm sure, are still grinning.

Delight Evans

What's all this about Mike O'Shea being "another Jimmy Cagney or Spencer Tracy"? From his performance in "Lady of Burlesque" with Barbara Stanwyck he seems to shape up as a highly original character.

# MY PROBLEMS as a WAR WIFE

By Gene Tierney

As told to

Elizabeth Wilson

ONE evening recently at a small dinner party I got caught in an argument that almost turned into a battle royal. I still think I was right. My girl friend, Cobina Wright, Jr., having saved up her meat coupons, had invited a few friends in for dinner. I took along my butter and coffee rations, so my conscience wouldn't hurt me. It was a very small dinner party, and as usual in wartime Hollywood, the women out-numbered the men five to one. As a matter of fact our only male was a decided 4-F. Quite decided.

Across the table from me sat Mrs. X. Mrs. X is one of our better known Hollywood wives and she always has strong opinions about everything. So perhaps it wasn't surprising that over the lamb roast (of which she took *two* slices, incidentally!) she announced with emphatic finality, that she thought it simply outrageous the way wives were following husbands to camp.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

*In this exclusive story Gene Tierney expresses her feeling with unusual frankness. There is no doubt that many wives feel as she does—that being with their men just a little longer is of paramount importance; nevertheless, in presenting her story we urge that other war wives consider, before deciding to follow their husbands, how much their presence will add to community problems in camp areas, how great a financial sacrifice the move means, and how good sports they are under trying circumstances.* *D. E.*

"Camp hangers-on!" she ejaculated. "The Government shouldn't allow it!"

Well, it just so happens that I was planning to leave for Junction City, Kansas, as soon as "Heaven Can Wait" was finished. My husband, Private Oleg Cassini, is stationed at Fort Riley nearby. And I intended staying with him until the studio ordered me back for retakes—or until Uncle Sam ordered Oli off to one of our farflung battlefronts.

And it wouldn't be my first visit to Junction City either. I had spent six weeks or more there last winter. Oli had told me that my visit meant everything in the world to him, and that he was counting the days until I could be with him again.

"You see before you an habitual camp follower," I said to Mrs. X with what I hoped would pass for a pleasant laugh. "As soon as the studio gives me permission to leave I *(Please turn to page 50)*

**Private Oleg Cassini greets his wife on one of her visits to Kansas, right. Photos at top contrast home life of the Cassinis before he enlisted and a typical wartime evening, Gene knitting with her younger sister and Oli's police dog for company. Latest Tierney picture, "Heaven Can Wait," for 20th Century-Fox.**

# 5 year PLAN FOR Fame

By

**John Franchey**

FROM Pasadena to Hollywood is a mere matter of fifteen miles, but it took Cheryl Walker, star of "Stage Door Canteen," five long years to negotiate the distance.

And what, pray, do you think la belle Cheryl was doing all these five years? Hawking Fuller brushes, maybe? Toiling as a carhop, perhaps? Or jerking sodas? Definitely not. Miss Walker, whose heart-shaped face you will see for the first time in "Stage Door Canteen," was working in pictures—hundreds of them.

Are you baffled? Bewildered? Good. But don't go away. Stay and hear the details. They sound like a scenario for a movie Gregory La Cava may get around to directing one of these days.

Pasadena, of course, is where she was born (movie name and all) and Pasadena is where she grew up, not exactly in the lap of luxury but not exactly undernourished or under-privileged, either, Walker pere being the manager of the local Pierce Arrow agency. And Pasadena is where the acting bug bit her so that by the time she hit Pasadena High she was putty in the hands of that deity of the drama known as Thespis.

It would be a pleasure to be able to tell you that as a member of the Pasadena High Masquers, or what- *(Please turn to page 74)*

**Below, the nice new team of Walker and Terry, young leads in Sol Lesser's great production, "Stage Door Canteen."**

**Now that she is *Eileen* in "Stage Door Canteen" Cheryl Walker can look back at those five hard, long years and rejoice that she had courage to stick to the struggle**

Errol Flynn

Candid photo saga of Sinatra! America's most swooned-over crooner is set for a screen career, signed by R-K-O to co-star with Michele Morgan in "Higher and Higher"

# Frank Sinatra

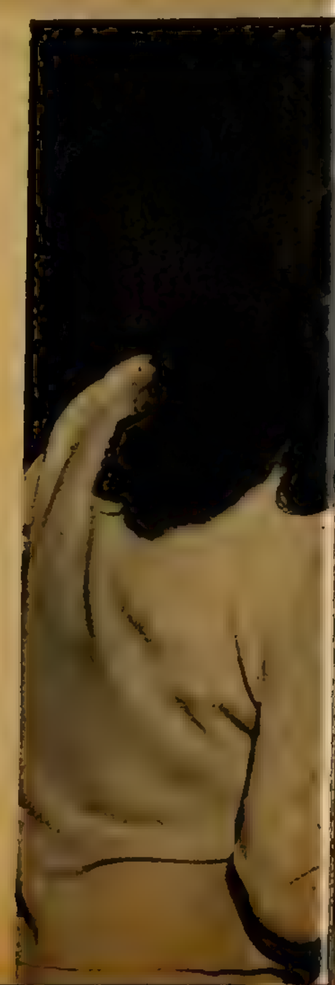
# HEADING FOR HOLLYWOOD

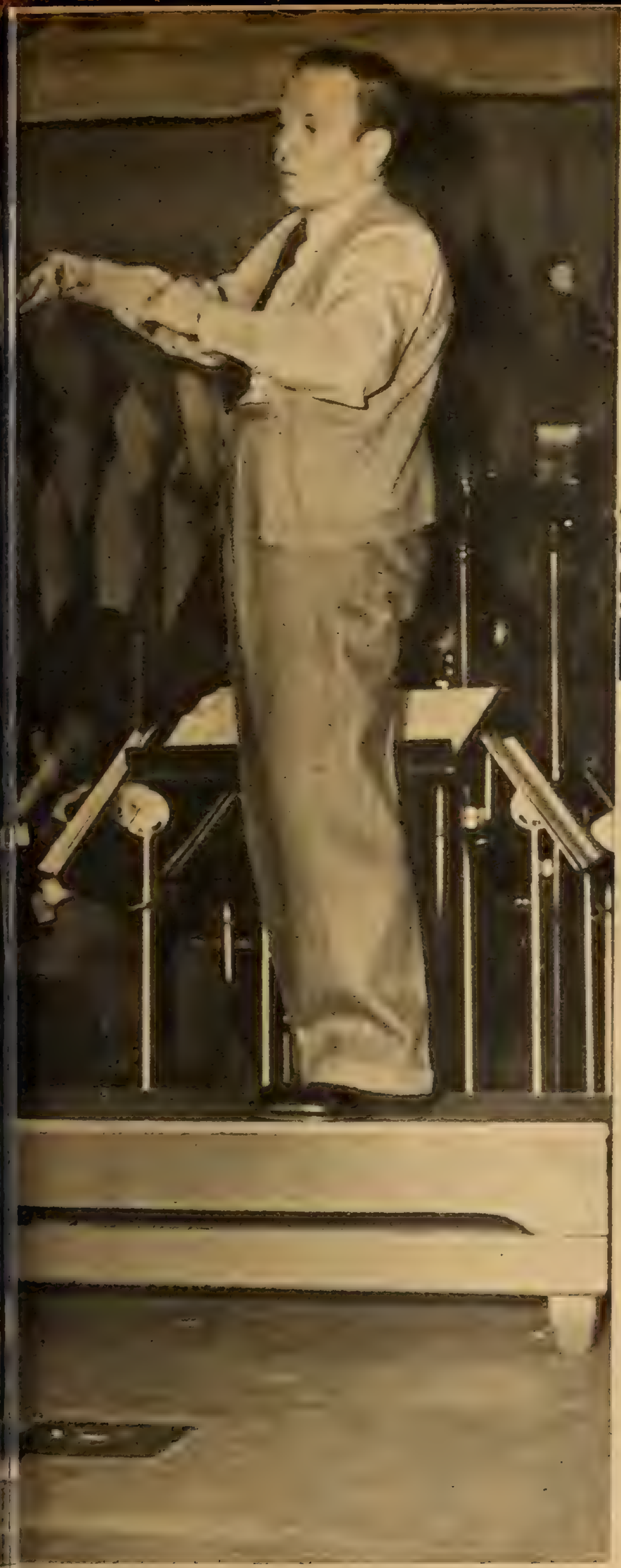
"The kids are wonderful!" says Frank Sinatra, and signs autographs tirelessly. The slim, blue-eyed, 5 ft. 10½-inch-tall singer is sincerely grateful to the fans, from 6 to 60, who have made him famous. His own favorite song is *Night and Day*, which won him his start with a Major Bowes unit.

*Metropolitan Photo Service, N. Y. C.*

Sinatra made his début as the male vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's band in "Las Vegas Nights," and the recent "Reveille with Beverly" featured him in one number; but it will remain for R-K-O producer Tim Whelan, shown with Frank above and at right, to guide him into real movie prominence.

Sinatra's secret is his boyish sincerity, which disarms all critics. Completely devoid of pose, he's an earnest young fellow of 26 who frankly enjoys his sudden sensational success but is in no danger of getting a swelled head. He's worked too hard for that. Above, getting some Hollywood tips from Cheryl Walker during rehearsals for CBS Stage Door Canteen broadcast. Below, candid closeup of a group of defense workers from an Elizabeth, N. J., plant, at Frank Daly's Terrace Room in Newark, listening to their idol.





Frank has been married four years to his childhood sweetheart, Nancy Barbato, and they have a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter named Nancy. Mrs. Sinatra is seen, center above, with two friends at the Terrace Room. She will accompany Frank to Hollywood. Left, Sinatra rehearsing with Raymond Paige. Below, studying his script for "Lucky Strike Hit Parade" radio show.

# MAN with a FUTURE

As the courageous *Quincannon*, pilot of the Flying Fortress "Mary Ann" in Warners' epic, "Air Force," John Ridgely finally found the rôle that won him recognition, after playing small parts in about 25 films.

**First home pictures of John Ridgely—and of John, Jr., who is shy above, but gives out with a grin, right. When a friend sent the Ridgelys a smoked ham, Jr. patted it and crooned, "Da-da." These days, to call a man a ham is probably the best compliment you can pay him, was John's reaction**

**By Fredda Dudley**

ONE night recently John Ridgely took his wife to see "Air Force," the Warner Brothers picture in which he scores as *Quincannon*, hero pilot of the Flying Fortress "Mary Ann."

Afterward, John groaned over the scene in which the dog—forbidden by regulations to be a passenger—put in an appearance in the pilot's compartment. "If I could do that over now, I'd do it a lot differently," Mr. Ridgely said. "It seems to me that the timing is bad and that I should have given it a little warmer interpretation; there should have been more of a grin back of my dialogue."

This post-mortem speech probably explains why, after 5½ years of experience on the Warner lot, playing miscellaneous characters without much footage, John finally got the break that will doubtless make him a star. He has the artistic sensitivity (but smile when you say that to him) that marks the true craftsman.

One of the scenes he liked in "Air Force" was that between John Garfield and himself in which their relationship was clarified. Howard Hawks, in directing any scene, first discusses the business and dialogue with his players. He tells what salient fact is to be established by the scene and the cast perfects the treatment. Hawks, himself, suggested the line, spoken by Garfield, "You threw me up for grabs."

Garfield asked, "What does it mean?"

"I don't know," admitted Hawks. "I heard Bill Wellman use it at one time and it stuck in my memory. It sounds exactly like what a flier *would* say."

Garfield repeated the phrase over several times until he was certain he could toss it off like any bit of occupational slang.

"It sounded swell when Garfield said it during the take," John told his wife, "and it sounds just right in the finished picture." He is quietly crazy about Hawks and is praying for repeated rôles in Hawks pictures. As a matter of fact, Ridgely told his director, "I'm afraid to work for any other man."

Hawks laughed, patting John's shoulder. "From now on you have nothing to worry about," he said. "Just

**PAST: 5½ years of hard plugging in small parts. PRESENT: a hit in "Air Force." FUTURE: stardom within reach for Ridgely**

play your parts straight—just play a natural, easy John Ridgely and you'll be set."

The natural John Ridgely has a history worth recording. He was born John Huntington Rea, son of John Ridgely Rea, in Chicago. He attended grammar school in Hinsdale, Illinois, and swank Military Academy in Boonville, Missouri. Finishing two years of junior college work at Kemper, John came west to Stanford and majored in journalism for one busy year.

At the end of that year he had played so much golf with a certain professor that he was in danger of dwindling his way out of "The Farm" because of a below-sea-level average. He knew he could remain scholastically solvent if he snagged an A in any one subject. In the course given by his golf partner prof, John was maintaining a B-plus average, so he made a deal: if he beat the prof on one particular afternoon, the prof was to up the grade to an A, thereby resuscitating John's college career.

John had consistently swamped the prof all season, so he felt he had made a satisfactory bargain—even with odds. Whether the prof would have kept his part of the arrangement or not never had to be tested, because the prize match was too much for John's nerves. His hands shook, his throat (*Please turn to page 62*)

Being a solid citizen, John wants his wife to share his new fame. And so we show you, below, charming Mrs. Ridgely in the very first picture of her taken for publicity.

LINDA DARNELL, IN "THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

How her luscious SUMMER Skin-Tone can be YOURS

**Linda Darnell says—**

"For the sun-kissed look that can keep eyes turned your way, I've found nothing to equal this gorgeous Sun Peach shade of Woodbury Powder. You see, while Woodbury shades blend with skin-coloring, of course, they don't stop at that. They give just the right tone for glamour. And *Woodbury Sun Peach* brings the rich, clear, rose-gold glow that means summer allure."

**Honeymoon ahead—**

Girls, there's man-appeal for you in Woodbury shades. For film directors helped create them. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture-refinings, they give a smoother, younger look. Exciting summer shades: *Sun Peach, Tropic Tan, Brunette.* Other shades include: *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's choice), *Natural* (Veronica Lake's choice). Boxes of Woodbury Powder $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY POWDER

Color-Controlled

**NEW! Matched Make-up.** Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder (any shade), you also get rouge and lipstick in matching shades—*at no extra cost!* A stunning set—all 3 for just $1.

# How Mrs. Bob Hope is Pitching on the Home Front

## By Maude Gerald

DROPPING in on friends recently, pretty Dolores Hope carried a smiling picture of husband Bob, gaily explaining that he was so busy these days, she was afraid she might forget what he looked like.

It was a cute "line," but there was a lot of truth back of it. Bob's enthusiastic response in helping keep up the morale of the armed forces, along with his weekly radio broadcast, and making pictures, takes up most of his daily twenty-four hours. Naturally, the lives of this devoted couple have been upset, just as the lives of thousands of other young people have been upset. But Dolores isn't sitting down and moaning. She's stepped into service, too. So, one morning I drove over to the beautiful home the Hopes built several years ago at Toluca Lake, just over the hills from Hollywood, to hear her side of it.

It happened to be an important day in the household, for three-and-a-half-year-old Linda, and Tony, two-and-a-half, were getting ready to make their educational début at a nearby Nursery School. It was an exciting scene. Linda's blonde curls were dancing like mad, while Tony's equally yellow hair was carefully plastered flat, and both were done up in new blue coveralls. After depositing the two whirlwinds at the school, a few blocks distant, we returned to the cool living room for our talk.

"Yes, our world has changed," began Mrs. Hope. "In the rush of today I guess we don't take time out to realize how these changes have crept up on us. We both feel a deep obligation and are happy to be doing our bit in this emergency. *(Please turn to page 64)*

Goodbye again for Bob and Dolores Hope, as Bob takes off again on another Army camp tour. Below, when first married, B.C. (before children) Dolores appeared in his vaudeville act.

# Five Graves to Cairo

AT FIRST John Bramble was sure the deserted village with the small dingy hotel flying the Union Jack and showing the effects of a recent bombing was a mirage, but still there was that wild surge of hope as he staggered toward it. After last night nothing in the world seemed real. It was almost as if he had imagined it all, the battle, the runaway tank, the four men in it who had been his friends.

The sun had seemed to scorch his very brain that morning when he had tried to climb down from the turret, realizing something was wrong with the tank dragging itself over the African sands like an animal hurt and groggy from shock. But he couldn't move, he could only stare down at Abbott slumped in that grotesque way over the wheel, his foot still pressing on the gas pedal. He had managed to shout wildly to the others and only then when he looked at each one in turn did the horrible truth strike him. They were dead, those others. All of them! Dead! In the whole world only he seemed alive. A half sob broke from his lips as he looked over the desert where there was no other moving thing, where there was that silence now, that stillness so much more awful than the din of the battle had been. He lost consciousness then as the tank careened drunkenly against a dune, the impact flinging him down on the sand.

He woke feeling as if his whole body were on fire. He had no feeling of time or distance as he went stumbling over the sand. He felt as if he had not breathed until he saw that flag, his own, hanging limply in the still air in the distance.

Bramble swayed as he went in the hotel door. He touched the stone as he passed. It was real. So was the shabby lobby, the tilted shutters at the window, the clumsy revolving fan hanging from the ceiling. But the sentry to whom he gave the password as he went by was only an imaginary figure conjured from his desperation. So was the Colonel whom he saluted as he stood there swaying.

Strange that he saw those phantoms and not the reality of Farid, the swarthy, middle-aged Egyptian owner of the hotel, staring at him from the shadows.

"Corporal John Bramble reporting, sir." He stood at attention before an empty chair. "Royal Tank Regiment, stationed at Tobruk. You've been in Tobruk, sir. Hottest blister on hell's heel! We (*Please turn to page 66*)

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Page 66.*

**Thrilling story of one Corporal's courage, and one girl's sacrifice, triumphing over the cold-blooded intrigue of a ruthless enemy. From new film with Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Erich von Stroheim**

The Nazis employed all their strategy, but a French girl, and a reckless Englishman, proved more than a match for them. Here are highlights in stirring scenes from new and exciting Paramount picture.

**Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen**

# DOES "HE" CARRY YOUR

**By Betty Shannon**

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I HAD tea the other afternoon with a highly attractive, provocative young flyer not so long out of Princeton, who bombed my ears for two hours straight—120 minutes, no less, by the clock—with the most extravagant and ecstatic propaganda I have ever heard in my life!

And what was this so sun-tanned, wind-hardened knight of the air raving about the last few hours before returning to his base after a short *fiesta* in Manhattan?

"Oh gosh, that voice," he partly crooned, partly mooned into my sympathetic hearing equipment. "There's not another voice in the world like Olivia de Havilland's. It's gorgeous. It's perfect. It's so sweet it makes you ache! Of course she's beautiful to look at, too. Such eyes—holy smoke! But it's her voice you can't forget—or, at least, I can't. It just lingers on and on—like—like," he blushed to the roots of the hair but doggedly persisted, "—like perfume in sound. It melted me down the first time I ever heard it, and still does. I fell in love with Olivia de Havilland because of her voice—but that isn't strange.

"I've heard dozens of fellows at school and at the field say that a gorgeous voice can always be counted on to knock 'em socko. The sound of a new girl's tones and overtones introduces her far more thoroughly to the stag line than a dozen receiving (*Please turn to page 78*)

# VOICE IN HIS HEART?

**If you want to win "him," cultivate your sound appeal and make with the alluring voice like a movie star's! Listen to the advice of noted teacher Crystal Waters, in this exclusive story, and get a fresh slant on wartime romance**

Miss Crystal Waters, above, believes that never in the world's history have there been such gorgeous voices as there are today in the entertainment field, especially the movies. Olivia de Havilland, top, has one of the best.

Pretty Dolores Moran, Warner starlet featured in "Old Acquaintance," illustrates the exercises recommended for improving sound appeal

**Clue to specially posed pictures on opposite page may be found on page 79. Try these exercises for fun and you will find they really work!**

Jim Falkenburg

# Mickey and Judy Together Again!

And with Tommy Dorsey, too, in M-G-M's "Girl Crazy." Judy sings George Gershwin's music to accompaniment of Dorsey and his band.

Marjorie Reynolds smiles at Capt. Gehres and Lieut. Ralph Hume of the Navy. Capt. Gehres had just presented her with Pacific Defense ribbon, with a star for service under fire. Center below, Marjorie autographs the cast of Pvt. Stanley Mowotarski, convalescing from a broken leg in an Army hospital, while PFC Paul Rice, Pvt. Owen Cordrey and Pvt. Gordon L. Olson look on. Bottom of page, the star chats with Aleutian mothers and their children.

**By Maude Cheatham**

MEET a real live heroine, Marjorie Reynolds! This pretty blonde "Cinderella Girl" who scored brilliantly in "Holiday Inn" as the singing, dancing "romance" for Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire, has proven a courageous trouper in her country's service. As the climax of awards, Marjorie was presented with the coveted special service ribbon, with a star, which is given to those who have been *under fire!*

Marjorie's story carries a thrill with every word. She's just returned from a seven weeks' tour of Army camps in Alaska and far down into the Aleutian Islands. Many film players have journeyed to far-away lands to entertain the soldiers but they always went in groups. Marjorie went alone, which in itself spells high courage.

"Like everyone in Hollywood," began Marjorie, still excited with her experiences, "I was anxious to do something worthwhile in the war effort. So, when the Victory Committee asked me to make a tour of Army camps, after I'd finished 'Dixie' with Bing Crosby, I decided to go where entertainment was vitally needed. Alaska, so far from civilization, seemed just the spot. It was the toughest trip possible, but not once did I regret my choice. I'll admit there were times when everything seemed fantastic, as if I were in another world, and my heart would tighten up a bit. But the response and appreciation I received everywhere more than compensated for the hardships, and I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

"Adventure started at once," she went on. "I left San Francisco via Pan American Airway and discovered I was the only girl aboard, my companions being eight Navy officers. They quickly adopted me, made me Stewardess, nicknamed me *Sally,* and kept me jumping. 'Sally,' they'd call out, 'how about making us a cup of coffee?' It was all so informal and friendly. Oddly enough, during the seven weeks I ran into each of these officers at one place or another.

"We flew to Prince George where we remained overnight, leaving for White Horse the next morning, and immediately ran into bad weather. For a time we flew at 18,000 feet and had to use oxygen for an hour and a half. At White Horse we waited twelve hours to repair a motor, then on to Fairbanks, (*Continued on page 76*)

# "Under Fire"

**Exclusive! The thrilling story of Marjorie Reynolds, first movie beauty to journey to far places—alone—to entertain our boys**

# Gloria Jean's ROMANTIC CRUSHES

*Photo by Ray Jones, Universal Studio.*

GLORIA JEAN is no longer a child star! She's not only seventeen—but Alan Curtis squeezed her so tight in a love scene for "For All We Know," that he broke her rib!

"Now it's all taped up," she told me. "For the time being I can't dance or swim. Which is comforting to Jimmy, anyway," she added.

"Jimmy? Oh—!" Gloria Jean hesitated. Then, "He's the boy I am *really* serious about. He's older, you know. You may be surprised, but Jimmy's 23. But then Father is seven years older than Mother. And I think they are very-much-in-love parents."

"Are you in love, Gloria Jean?" I asked.

"I think so. This is the very first time I've *ever* thought so," she replied honestly. "Mother says seventeen can't be sure it's love. Sometimes being seventeen seems so old. And then again I don't feel old at all.

"It used to kill me—well, practically—to keep my age back for so long. I'm so glad to say, 'Oh yes! I'm seventeen. I was seventeen way back in April,' " Gloria Jean giggled.

"With the boys on your trail," I added. "Jimmy especially?"

Gloria Jean admitted it with a smile. She was curled up comfortably on the other end of the big divan in the Schoonover living room.

"I thought Donald O'Connor was your big moment," I offered.

"Not any more," she shook her head. "I *thought* he was. But it was just a crush. He was my first date—and we worked together and everything. Donald gave me a lovely compact and a large bottle of Tigress perfume for my birthday party. He's still sort of attentive," Gloria Jean confided.

She has always given me her confidence "on the level." Since that very first day of "The Underpup" with Mother Schoonover so worried because she had to bring her entire little family to the (*Continued on page 80*)

**Just seventeen, Gloria Jean is sure she's in love, and she reveals her romantic dreams**

**By**

**May Mann**

With Donald O'Connor in "Mr. Big," Gloria Jean again plays a jitterbug. But in "For All We Know," she has her first grown-up love scenes with Alan Curtis. Scene below is one in which Curtis, as called for in the film's script, grabbed her so forcibly he broke one of Gloria Jean's ribs!

Lynn Bari

# CAGNEY and COMPANY

James Cagney, star, and brother William, producer, present their first picture on their own, "Johnny Come Lately," a story of American life in 1906. Grace George, 40 years a Broadway star, makes her film debut with Jimmy

Informal family conference on the set, at left, shows Jimmy in fetching old-fashioned night shirt. Above, in his new rôle of vagabond newspaperman befriended by Miss George as a widowed publisher. Below, scene from Cagney-United Artists film, showing Jim with Marjorie Lord.

# Bergman AND "THE BELL"

By Liza

IT IS a pleasure to meet Ingrid Bergman because she is a completely happy person. "As happy," she adds, "as one can be in wartime." She likes studios and studio people. She doesn't think they are trying to make her look ridiculous. She doesn't think that producers are a lot of squirrel-brains who are trying to ruin her career. When she was playing the "other girl" in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" several years ago, she said, "In Hollywood it's like being in a cage. They thrust the parts through the bars, and you take what they give you." But she meant no harm. She has been very pleased with every part that has been thrust through the bars. She's especially pleased with the part of *Maria,* the refugee girl in Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom The Bell Tolls." She wanted that part so badly she cried. So did a dozen or more other actresses in Hollywood. It was the acting plum of the season.

When Ingrid first came to the cinema capital to star in David O. Selznick's "Intermezzo," she wasn't at all happy. She kept worrying about her baby and her husband she had left behind in Sweden. She doesn't have to worry about them now because they are here with her. Little Pia lives with her in Hollywood, and Dr. Peter Lindstrom is taking a post graduate course at a nearby University. Dr. Lindstrom is the tall, handsome Gary Cooper type. He can understand Ingrid being so engrossed in her profession because he is just as deeply engrossed in his. Like most doctors he is modest and shy, and shuns the glare of publicity as if it were a scourge.

Ingrid is often asked how she happened to name her little daughter Pia. "When she was born," she says, "we wanted a name for her that would combine both our names, Peter and Ingrid. Pai didn't sound exactly right. But after playing around with it a bit we arrived at Pia, and we were very pleased with ourselves. I had never heard of that name before. But when I was on location with 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' I read a book in which the heroine's name was Pia. So I wrote my husband that we weren't so clever and original after all."

Little Pia is now four years old. She speaks English fluently with an American accent, and takes great pleasure in correcting her mother's pronunciation of certain words. The greatest joy in her life is to call her mother at the studio and chat sociably over the telephone. "She seems to be under the impression," says Ingrid with one of her refreshing laughs, "that Edison invented it just for her." Little Pia's favorite playmate is Gary Cooper's little girl, Maria.

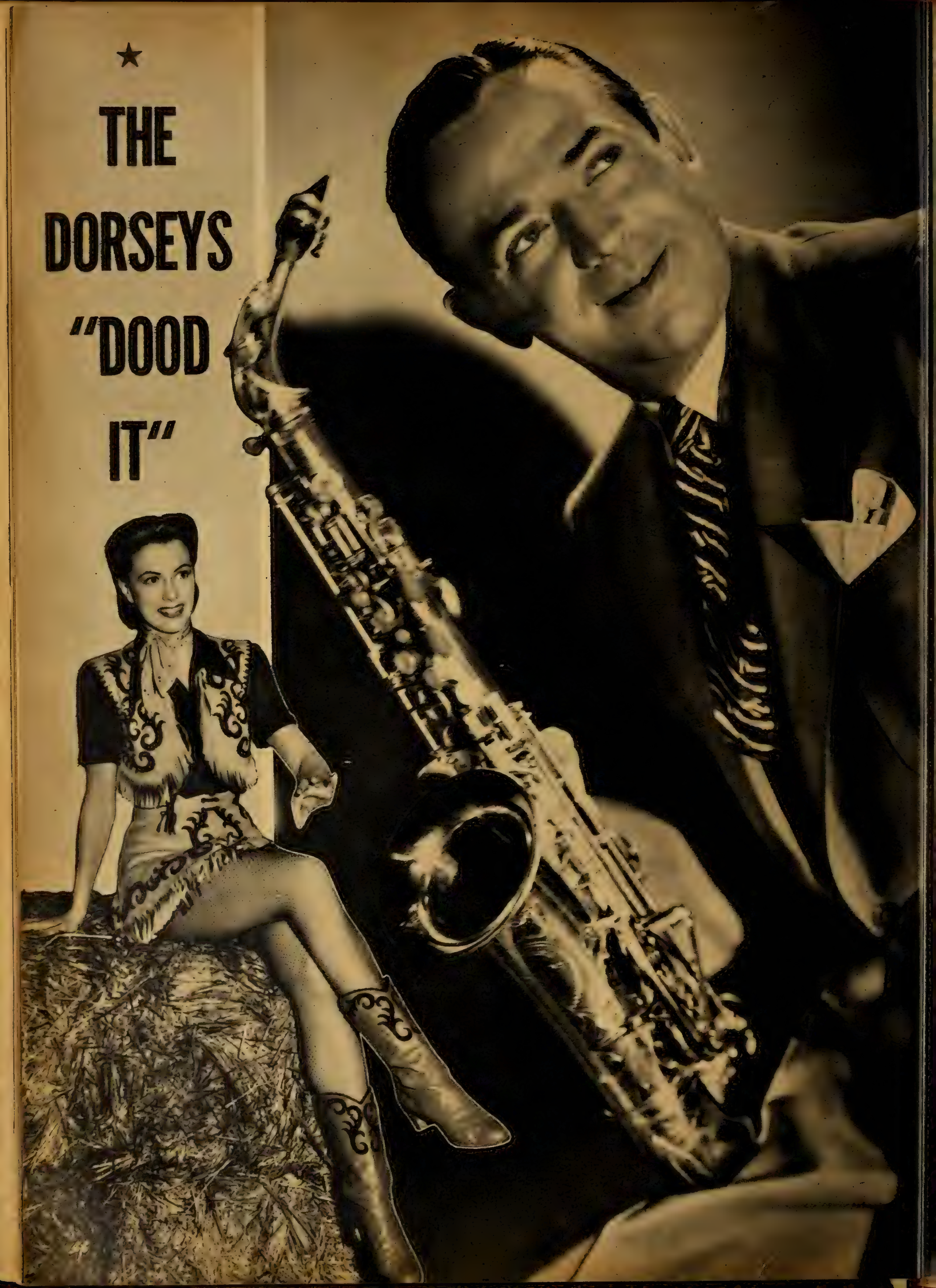
The day I met Ingrid on the set she was playing *Clio Dulsine*, the dark-haired tempestuous Creole beauty, in the picturization of Edna Ferber's "Saratoga Trunk." She looked beautiful indeed in her 1875 petticoats, flounces, laces, ruffles and bustles. Her inch and a half *Maria* haircut, which she wore all through the "Bell," is growing nicely, but it will be a long time before she can make with the pompadour and flowing tresses. So, for New Orleans *Clio* she has to wear a brunette wig, and darken her eyebrows—the first time she has ever done that in Hollywood, Ingrid being a stickler for naturalness and honesty both on the screen and off.

Ingrid was watery around the eyes when I met her, and I thought, ah, another flu victim. But it seems that for one of the scenes *Clio*, woman of the world, had to smoke a cigarette. And Ingrid, who neither smokes nor drinks (a fact which once caused a Hollywood hostess to say of her, "She is without a doubt the most irritatingly normal person I've ever met") had proceeded to swallow the smoke, and had gone into a violent coughing jag. Gary Cooper, flashy in the pink vest and mauve trousers of *Clint Maroon*, had had to pommel her on the back and then take her aside and teach her the subtleties of cigarette smoking.

Although she is horribly shy and sensitive—when she "blows a line" she blushes and buries her face in her hands—Ingrid gets on beautifully with the people who work with her. Sort of a mutual admiration society. When the girl at Warners who had designed her elaborate costumes for "Saratoga Trunk" had a birthday recently, Ingrid sent her a huge box of roses with a card in it which read, "Happy New Year." The girl thought that perhaps her idol had been vague and busy and made a mistake. But Ingrid explained to her that in Sweden a birthday is the beginning of a new year for the person. The first of January is every- (*Please turn to page 82*)

**Most talked about girl in Hollywood today is Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper's co-star in Hemingway's "For Whom The Bell Tolls." Meet her here, as warm and earthy as the *Maria* rôle she plays in the film**

Paramount's biggest production, "For Whom The Bell Tolls," boasts the great team of Bergman and Cooper, as *Maria* and *Robert Jordan*. At right, rehearsing for the famous scene from the book. Other closeups are informals of Miss Bergman and Gary Cooper.


★
THE
DORSEYS
"DOOD
IT"

**Yes, those Dorsey boys are doin' all right! Jimmy is featured with Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell in "I Dood It," while Tommy contributes to the entertainment of "Du Barry Was A Lady" and "Girl Crazy," all M-G-M films**

Tommy Dorsey, that sentimental gentleman of swing, plays his trusty ole trombone in "Du Barry Was A Lady," current screen musical with Lucille Ball, and entertains service men, below. Jimmy, on facing page, acclaimed by his addicts as world's greatest saxophonist, brings his own brand of jive to "I Dood It." Eleanor Powell and Skelton, circle above, are properly impressed.

That Brazilian Bombshell is back again! Carmen of the curves and naughty charm will be seen soon in "The Girls He Left Behind."

# MIRANDA
## Makes with the Mischief!

No, these exclusive candid photos do NOT claim to show "How Carmen Miranda Keeps in Condition." She was born that way. Vitamins need her.

Miranda is not the outdoor type of girl; but she will, when coaxed, pose in a fetching play-suit and test the temperature of her swimming pool with a carmined toe. You'll enjoy her songs and sparkle in 20th Century-Fox's big musical, "The Girls He Left Behind," now in preparation, with Alice Faye as blonde foil to the brunette sizzler. The girls are good friends and they never try to steal each other's scenes.

**Once demure and dove-like, today's Martha Scott is a streamlined siren in the romantic new movie, "Hi Diddle Diddle"**

Dennis O'Keefe plays opposite Miss Scott in tender love scenes in Andrew Stone's United Artists film, "Hi Diddle Diddle."

# *Transformation* of MARTHA SCOTT

# "NEW" Nelson Eddy

Black wig and moustache make a new character of a familiar figure. Eddy has Susanna Foster as leading lady in U's 1943 version of the melodrama, originally made nineteen years ago with Lon Chaney in starring rôle.

For first time in his career, the noted singer turns brunette for his role in Universal's all-Technicolor remake of "Phantom of the Opera"

Consider
"Claudia"
and her Clothes

Typical American heroine is portrayed by Dorothy McGuire, who looks, acts, and dresses like a real girl. She's something new for Hollywood in forthcoming film production of Rose Franken's famous "Claudia."

# A Boy and his Dog

Roddy McDowall and "Lassie" make a great team in "Lassie Comes Home"

"Lassie" is Hollywood's newest Cinderella! Purchased as a puppy for $10, Lassie was trained for three years and then given title rôle in M-G-M's screen version of Eric Knight's famous novel. Co-star Roddy took Lassie on tour of M-G-M Studio, where she met Mickey Rooney, below, pretty starlet Dorothy Morris, left center, and William Powell.

PIERRE AUMONT and Maria Montez have definitely postponed their marriage until after the war. In the meantime, before he leaves for overseas duty, Pierre has been crowding in a lot of future memories. Believe it or not, he even took Maria down to hear Aimee Semple McPherson's Four Square Gospel.

---

VAN JOHNSON is out of the hospital. Thanks to Dr. William E. Branch, one of Hollywood's finest, Van is going to be okay. But it will take many months before his head scars have faded and his hair has grown out again. So serious were his wounds in the automobile crash, it was necessary to take tissue from Van's shoulder and graft it on to his head. Throughout the horrifying ordeal, Van never once whimpered or complained. Thus, he helped save his own life.

---

GINGER ROGERS' domestic dream will soon be a thing of the past. On week-ends and days off, Ginger has been living in a tiny place in La Jolla, where hubby Jack Briggs has been stationed. Ginger, who has a hill-top mansion in Beverly Hills, has gotten a big kick out of keeping house in two rooms. But now it looks like Jack is going to be transferred—probably too far for Ginger to keep these romantic trysts. Even a famous movie star can't have everything.

---

JIMMY CAGNEY has had a change of heart. For the last few years Jimmy has given few magazine interviews. He claims all has been said, anything additional would only be repetitious. So all requests were politely refused. But now Jimmy is in business for himself. On his first independently produced production, Jimmy is talking to everyone. So you'll soon be reading about your favorite again.

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VERY quietly Jack Carson has been playing camp shows for many months. Invariably, he says, the soldiers always ask about Betty Grable, Lana Turner, and Ann Sheridan. They give out with those low whistles and beg Jack to get them cheesecake art on the gals. But when they speak about Olivia de Havilland, the boys get positively lyrical. "Olivia," says Jack, "is actually the girl that every soldier dreams of marrying." Nice going, Livvie!

---

LIONEL BARRYMORE'S 65th birthday and 50th anniversary in the acting profession was an occasion for real celebration. His friends surprised him with a two-cake party. When it came time to open his many packages, the grand old actor shook each one carefully to see if it "gurgled." Instead of 65 and 50 candles by actual count, the cakes featured the numerals 65 on one cake and 50 on the other, all lit up. Lionel blew them out in one fell swoop.

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WHEN Joan Bennett's house was gutted by fire recently, you can imagine how Bing Crosby felt. (To say nothing of Joan.) Bing suffered a similar experience recently and had just moved a few houses down the street in Joan's neighborhood. While most of her things were insured, Joan, who had collected hundreds of pairs of shoes in her career as an actress, won't be able to replace a single one. That's really tough luck.

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JULIE BISHOP was even more amused than was Ann Sheridan, when they tried to link her name romantically with Errol Flynn's. "I've known Errol a long time," says Julie. "I've been out with him several times for dinner. The thought of a serious romance is just too silly." Ann Sheridan said practically the same thing. Why, Errol, maybe you need a new line!

---

IF THERE is anything shaky about the marital status of Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks, her behavior certainly belies it. Recently Ray phoned her on the set to say he had leave and was heading for Hollywood. Laraine burst into tears—not because he was coming but because she had given her solemn promise to make a Victory Bond tour. This hardly sounds like that rumored rift, now does it?

---

TO EAVESDROP on the conversation between his studio and Sydney Greenstreet, you'd think they were lining him up to do a Gypsy Rose Lee. "Take it off," says Sydney. "Put it on," answer the boys in the front office. What they're referring to is poundage, not wearing apparel. Sydney feels better when he weighs less. His bosses like him better as the fabulous fat man. If rationing keeps on, no one will have to worry!

# HERE'S

James Cagney, president of the Screen Actors' Guild, watches Lionel Barrymore blow out the candles at a two-cake party, celebrating Barrymore's 65th birthday and 50th anniversary in the acting profession, after a broadcast of his program, "Mayor of the Town."

Katharine Hepburn, in one of her rare public appearances, with Spencer Tracy at Screen Guild radio program of "Woman of the Year." Susan Peters and Richard Quine, above, are film latest love-birds. The're engaged. Marguerite Chapman and Bill Lundigan are the romancers at right.

You can see from photos at bottom of page that George Raft hasn't let his romantic bust-up with Betty Grable make a hermit out of him. He's shown at Mocambo with model Joan Thornsen, left, and whispering sweet words to Virginia Maples—(on different nights, of course).

# HOLLYWOOD

**Gossip by Weston East**
**Candids by Jean Duval**

At Hollywood Canteen: Eva Gabor gives servicemen autographs while Brian Aherne, Edmund Lowe, Patricia Morison stand by; Anne Shirley and John Garfield have a dish-washing session; Monty Wooley and Walter Pidgeon try to feed Miss Gabor a generous sample of a popular Canteen special: potato salad. At Screen Guild radio show, where the stars enacted scenes from their recent film, "Pittsburgh," Marlene Dietrich breaks up a make-believe tussle between Randy Scott and John Wayne.

SONNY TUFTS, the new Paramount rave, should put Paulette Goddard on his personal payroll. Paulette is so enthused over his possibilities, she's knocking herself out to help put him over. Sonny's married so it ain't nothin' personal.

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HOLLYWOOD is asking—"What has happened to Ida Lupino?" She's gained a little becoming weight. She's happier than she's ever been. Her new red hair really is a startling improvement. Ida's planning to play charming romantic heroines, rather than neurotics, on the screen. Don't believe those rumors that all is not well with Ida and her hubby, Capt. Louis Hayward. They're still love-birds.

---

BEFORE reporting for overseas duty, Uncle Sam allowed Eddie Albert to return for a few days in Hollywood. Eddie managed to squeeze in several dates with Margo and Anne Shirley, both of whom he admires tremendously."When I come back I'm going to marry and settle down in Hollywood," says Eddie. "But first we've got to finish this thing, and this time forever. The sooner we get it over with the better." Wonder which gal will answer to the name of Mrs. Albert?

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ACCORDING to reports, his London buddies have gone mad over Clark Gable. The former film star has been promoted to Captain. On his last visit to Hollywood, when Clark entered the studio lunch room, everyone stood up and gave him a hand. How nice for Hollywood that he's affecting the Britishers the same way.

DON'T take that reported romance between Judy Garland and Chuck Walters too seriously. Chuck started out in New York as a chorus boy. He became a featured dancer and has now graduated to dancing instructor at M-G-M. His has been a varied and interesting life. So has Judy's for that matter. Wonder why someone doesn't combine the two and make a screenplay out of it?

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ULCERS Department: First Alice Faye announced she was quitting films. Home, baby, and being close to husband Phil Harris were more important, said Alice. Besides, she was tired of playing in musicals. Then came Gene Tierney's news. She was going to have a baby. So she wouldn't return to the studio until late November. She wanted to remain near Oleg Cassini, who is attending O.C.S. in Kansas. Now all the front-office boys have to do is line up two stars to fill the rôles originally intended for Alice and Gene. How about Lynn Bari, boys?

# Screenland Honor Page

You've never seen anything like "Stage Door Canteen." It's the great screen entertainment of this war, a glorified variety show as well as romance of youth in wartime. Above, Katharine Cornell, just one of the many great stars contributing their talents, free, for a fine cause: cheering up the boys in service. Lon McAllister, juvenile find of the year, is seen with Miss Cornell and, below, with Marjorie Riordan, who plays the Stage Door Canteen hostess who receives the youth's first shy kiss. Marjorie, right, is the symbol of all the pretty Canteen hostesses.

*Sol. Lesser-*
*United Artists*

**"Stage Door Canteen" is a great and unique show! It has everything: glamor, gaiety, youth, music, romance —with world-famous stars performing for the benefit of our boys in uniform**

# My Problems as a War Wife

Continued from page 21

expect to follow my husband to camp. In these uncertain times a wife wants to be with her husband as long as she possibly can."

That brought on an avalanche. Among other things, she said, "I wouldn't think of joining my husband. I don't think it's the patriotic thing to do. When a man enters the service his mind should be cleared of every thought but one—winning the war. If his wife follows him, she detours his devotion from his duty to his country to himself. For there always are problems connected with housing her, entertaining her, keeping her contented in difficult circumstances.

"A soldier's entire mind should be on the job before him. He cannot possibly concentrate on his job if his wife is tagging along after him. Her presence is certain to worry him. He will worry because he can't spend more time with her. He will worry because she has to sit alone all day in a strange town with nothing to do but twiddle her thumbs. He will worry because he thinks she is sacrificing her comfort for him.

"The wife should stay at home where she belongs and help with the war effort in the best way she can. And plan for the future—when the war is won and her husband comes home."

Well, I must admit that Mrs. X had some convincing arguments. Undoubtedly she did have reason on her side. For crowding around war camps has made life for soldiers' wives difficult if not impossible. But, like most young American wives, I am far more concerned with heart. When it comes to a toss-up of heart and reason, with me, heart invariably wins.

It is easy to sit comfortably at home and say that a wife should remain in her own living room and plan for the future when the war is won and her husband comes home. But just suppose the future doesn't materialize? And for thousands of American wives, unfortunately, it won't. Suppose your husband doesn't come back? What have you then but a few memories and a big heartache? You will always blame yourself for not making the effort to be with him during those precious months before he went overseas.

Mrs. X also said that a soldier worries when his wife is living near his camp. Well, they also worry when she isn't around. When I visited Oli at camp last winter I talked to hundreds of boys there, and they were all much more worried about what was happening at home, than by what was ahead of them. When there was no letter from home in the day's mail they would fret and worry and imagine all kinds of dreadful things: she was sick, she had been in an accident, she didn't love him any more. Those boys were worried.

But when a soldier's wife is with him, when she is living near enough for him to see her every morning and every night, when he knows that she is well and happy and in love with him, then he can concentrate entirely on his work. His mind is clear for the important jobs. He doesn't have to depend on those letters that are so often delayed or lost, or not written at all. He has his wife with him. He can hear her say, every night, the words he longs to hear, "I love you." That's what he needs to spur him on to victory.

When I visited Oli at Fort Riley last winter we had to sleep in an old barrack that had been hastily improvised into small bedrooms, with thin partitions between. This was before we were able to find an apartment in town. I remember we were wakened one night by a soldier down the hall who had put in a long distance call to his wife. "Honey," we heard him say, "I won't get that leave. I won't get to see you at all. I'm shoving off tomorrow. I love you, honey."

I guess I'm an awful sentimentalist but the way he said, "I love you, honey," simply broke my heart in two. All the loneliness in the world was in those four words. It would have been so much better, I thought, if only his wife had come to him months ago when he was sent to the camp for training. I felt then that individually I had done the right thing in leaving my comfortable home in Hollywood, and living in a cold dreary barrack with Oli.

And there was another evening, after we were able to rent a small apartment in town, when I cooked up a tasty Irish stew and had Oli bring some of the boys in from camp for a home-cooked dinner. When he was leaving that night a young, bashful private whispered to me, "You couldn't have chosen a better night to invite me to dinner, Mrs. Cassini. I'm leaving tomorrow for overseas duty. You remind me a lot of my wife. She's at home, back in Wyoming. I sure wish I could have seen her before I left."

I cried, and he brushed aside a tear or two himself, and I kissed him goodbye. His wife should have been there to do that.

Of course some war wives who follow their husbands to camp do turn out to be awful pains in the necks. I met quite a few of them in Junction City, and I'm sure Mrs. X could have had a wonderful time gloating, "I told you so." They certainly were no help to their husbands' morale.

There was the case of Mrs. B, a pretty, fragile little woman who had been the belle of a small town in the Middle West. You could easily tell that she had been petted and spoiled to a fare-you-well. She was married to one of the boys who helped Oli play nursemaid to the horses at Fort Riley. She must have read in some of the magazines that Army life was just one great big round of parties. Her chief ambition seemed to be to have a whole flock of men and their wives in for cocktails, start the radio going with a hot band, and dance and play poker until daybreak. We never stayed on for those parties, the few times we attended them, because Oli had to get up at five o'clock every morning, and believe me, when you have to get up at that hour you aren't particularly interested in dancing all night. Of course Mrs. B could sleep the next day until late in the afternoon, but her husband had to be up at five, same as Oli. No wonder he became irritable and nervous from lack of sleep. It was certainly a good thing for him when Mrs. B suddenly decided that Army life wasn't as glamorous as she had believed, and returned to her home town.

War wives must realize before they join their husbands that Army life is pretty grim at best. It might sound awfully gay in stories, and look colorful in pictures, but it really isn't. If it's a good time you're after, stay home.

And if you're a softie you'd better stay home too. There are more inconveniences than you ever knew existed. In the first place, don't visualize a sweet little home with a picket fence and a maid in uniform to serve dinner. In towns that are near Army camps it is almost impossible to rent a house for love or money. And maids and cooks are practically as obsolete as the bustle. I'm certainly not wealthy, but at the same time I'm not exactly poor, but before Oli and I could rent a small apartment, I had to live in a boarding house, barracks, an auto court, and a rooms-for-rent. I completely forgot what privacy was. The auto court was terrible. It was infested with rats and cockroaches. When I moved out I opened my luggage and found a couple of rodent stowaways, it was that bad. Now of course if you're going to say to your poor husband, "It's so damp here, I have a cold all the time," if you're going to gripe about inconveniences, and believe me, you'll find plenty of them to gripe about, you'll be doing your husband a big favor if you stay home.

And there was the case of Mrs. H. Mrs. H had an apartment near mine, and we used to chat at the grocery store. Back home in Tennessee she knew what her husband was doing every minute of the day. She knew that at five-thirty promptly he would close his desk at the office, and at five minutes to six he would hang his hat in the hall closet. At six-thirty he would be ready to sit down to dinner. But at camp she never knew where he was, or what he was doing, and it nearly drove her crazy. She was an excellent cook, but the kind who had to have everything just so. Now poor Private H had to drive a lot of gold braid around, and he never knew what time he could get home to dinner. Sometimes it wasn't until ten at night. Then he'd have to hear her whining, "The roast was perfect at six-thirty, but it's all cooked to pieces now. Everything's cold and ruined. And I worked so hard all day trying to prepare you a good dinner. If you'd just tell your Colonel your dinner was waiting for you I'm sure he'd understand."

Yeah, in a pig's eye he'd understand! War wives must remember that their husbands haven't got nice office jobs now. They can't go home on the stroke of five. They'll go home when their superior officers tell them to, and not a minute before. Winning the war is much more important than an overdone roast.

Of course I don't mean to sound pompous and arbitrary in these opinions of mine. After all, they are just that—just the opinions of one war wife who is meeting this emergency the best way she knows how. In reality, this problem, "to be or not to be" with your soldier-husband is one for every couple to solve, individually.

No two problems are exactly alike, and no two couples are confronted with exact sets of circumstances. Living conditions near some Army camps are so crowded and impossible that to follow your husband there would be foolish, if not ridiculous. If there are children, too, I should think it would be better for a wife to keep them at home, and in a public school nearby, rather than rush them about the country.

But again, I don't know. Common sense should decide everything. I only know that it has meant a great deal to me to have had those extra weeks with Oli. I know that they have brought us closer together than ever. And that, in that dreary day when I shall be able to follow him no farther, we shall cherish their memory.

And speaking of problems, soon I will have a definite and happy one to consider. Oli and I have always wanted a baby and now that our wish is going to come true, we couldn't be happier. I have noticed among my friends that the most contented ones are those who have children. My best friend, Cobina Wright, Jr., is also expecting a baby in October and it would be nice if they both arrived on the same day.

I'm not afraid or worried to have a baby because it's wartime, and I'll have something real tangible to remember Oli by. I'll stay with my husband as long as he is in this country and as long as it is safe for me, but I hope to return to Hollywood and home for the Big Event.

## Light On Your Feet

Continued from page 16

the floor with your toes. It may look funny but it is both strengthening and relaxing.

Simple foot exercises are excellent. To strengthen that long, longitudinal arch, the simple practice of rising on your toes, or walking tiptoe, is helpful. If, however, you have trouble with your metatarsal arches, (those which run across your feet instead of lengthwise) avoid this tiptoe exercise. To strengthen metatarsal arches try this: stand on the telephone book, your toes hanging over the edge. Curl the toes down under as far as you can; relax and curl them down again. This helps push the metatarsal up where it belongs. Curling your toes over the fold of a bath towel is also good, especially if you try to pick up the towel with your toes. Now extend your leg and bend the foot toward the body. Hold it a minute, relax, then do it again.

Remember that toes ought to be almost as flexible as fingers and with proper use and exercise can be limbered up considerably. Shoes that pinch toes into a small space where they cannot move as we walk, are very bad for our feet and even if they are not actually painful while we wear them, can do permanent harm. This is why the limbering up exercise is a good thing.

Simple foot massage too is a relief. While you are bathing your feet it is a good habit to massage them with a thick soapy lather. Grasp each foot with both hands and move the fingers up from the toes to ankles. Work in well between the toes. Then when the feet are limbered, clean and rinsed, instead of drying them with a towel, massage them dry with both hands, again drawing your fingers from toes to ankles. This feels simply wonderful and is good for you.

Be sure that the stockings you wear are long enough to allow plenty of toe room. A tight binding stocking can do as much harm as badly fitting shoes. Remember in buying hose that during the hot weather when your feet perspire freely, some fabrics tighten up on your feet. Should you find that this is happening slip off your shoes and pull out foot of stocking to give toes more room. Buy a larger size next time.

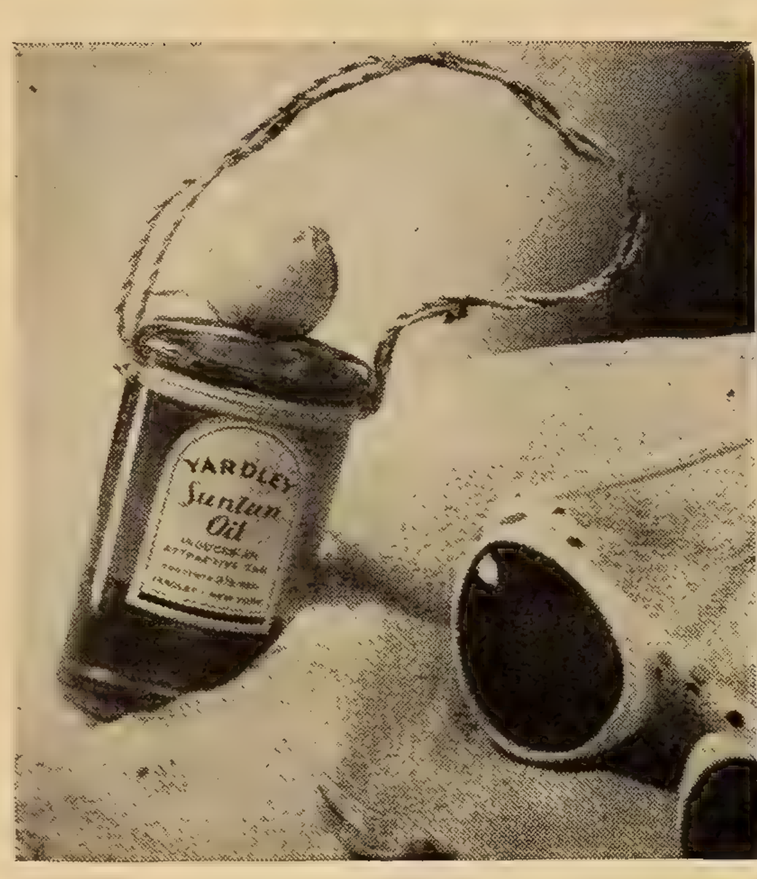
Naturally you will want to put on fresh stockings each morning. Stockings are a great protection to feet, absorbing perspiration. They protect shoes too, for the same reason. But if, this summer, you intend to use cosmetic stockings, plan to give your feet even greater care than usual. Always shake a good foot powder or talcum in your shoes before slipping in your feet. Dust the feet all over with powder especially between the toes. It is wise to use the powder frequently too during the day. At night, into that Epsom salts foot bath, for rest and refreshment! For special spots that are sensitive, or where your shoes rub, investigate those fine little foot pads which give marvelous protection to feet and shoes.

Between visits to your chiropodist, and by the way, if you have any kind of difficulty with your feet, you should see him regularly, as you have a dentist look over your teeth . . . but between these visits, instead of cutting callouses and corns, gently file them with a good emery board. Here again little foot pads may be most helpful.

In giving yourself a pedicure work as carefully and gently as if you were grooming your hands. Cut the toe nail straight across, however, allowing the nail to be just long enough to afford the toe some protection. Push back the cuticle with a towel, never cut it! As to whether you paint your toenails with polish or not, let your conscience be your guide.

# GUIDE TO GLAMOR

**Summer days are still happy days if you have the right beauty accessories to make the most of them**




Yardley suggests a convenient Suntan Oil to lure that lovely sun-tone, tinted skin.

Now comes a new Cream Bouquet in "Tweed," famous Lentheric fragrance for daytime.

YOU are, I hope, taking good advice seriously and planning to get your suntan painlessly this year. Yardley has provided something to help you do this, in as neat a trick package as may well be imagined. It is called Suntan Oil and comes in the familiar round Yardley bottle with the bee embossed stopper. Around it is a raffia thong which you can hang from your belt or your finger to keep it conveniently near for frequent application. It encourages a fine tan, but if you use it according to directions will help prevent painful burning. The package itself is so attractive that it adds a smart note to any outdoor ensemble.

NOW and then a fine patriotic gesture turns out to be a blessing at the same time. Lentheric's Creme Bouquet is such a blessing. For it is made without alcohol, thus saving a necessary commodity for war use, yet it has several distinct advantages. It softens and smooths the skin while it adds fragrance and freshness to it. Creme Bouquet comes in Tweed, Confetti, Miracle, A Bientot, Shanghai.

WARM weather here and ahead! Wouldn't it be nice if you could provide yourself with an April Shower to cool and comfort you at a moment's notice, no matter how muggy the day! Matter of fact you can, a fragrant one to boot—out of a nice package of Cheramy; April Showers. It smells so sweet and makes your skin feel all smooth and slippery instead of hot and sticky. It makes a fragrant ending to your bath or shower, is wonderful to use frequently during the day. If you are lucky enough to do some swimming this summer carry April Showers in your bathing bag to use before you slip back into your girdle. It makes the girdle really "slip" on instead of fighting with you in a tug of war!

The light, right shade of nail polish is the final touch to good grooming for daytime hands. Dr. Ellis' Heather is the attractive light shade used.

# Man with a Future

Continued from page 29

burned, his breath came in fierce, hot gulps. He divoted and sand-trapped his way right out of collegiate circles.

One career closed, Mr. Ridgely quickly turned to another: insurance. His company supplied him with a list of likely prospects. John, chin outthrust in the accepted bronze statue manner, drove around to locate addresses and case the joints. Sometimes he decided there was no use trying—from the sheer appearance of the residence; at other times he left his car reluctantly, strolled in front of the house, walked around the block, and finally summoned enough sales manner to ring the bell.

One morning, around ten, he buzzed a doctor to the door. The medical man confided that he had just returned after a wicked night fighting death and disease; he was bending an elbow in an effort to get relaxed enough to catch a few hours of desperately needed sleep. He admitted an aversion to being without company at such a time, so John entered the living room and sat opposite while the doctor talked and talked and talked. "A capsule medical education," John summed it up afterward.

After several hours, the exhausted doctor dozed off and John, equally worn out, returned to his office and rendered a report. The exasperated office manager observed bitterly that an insurance salesman who couldn't sell insurance under those circumstances had fallen to a previously uncharted low.

But worse was yet in store for the man to whom high pressure was a commodity belonging entirely to steam engines. He called upon a woman one morning to explain that her automobile insurance was about to expire—so he would be glad to remedy that situation.

"I'll make a bargain with you," she announced to a tender-hearted and defenseless guy. "I'll leave the baby with you while I attend to several errands down town. When I get back, I'll renew the policy. I promise that I won't be away much over an hour."

She was away six hours. Meanwhile the baby had developed a disposition like that of a scalded cobra. The baby's grandmother telephoned; although John patiently took her message, grandmother knew that a strange man was prompting her grandson's screaming, so called the police. The baby's father also telephoned and, upon hearing a strange baritone voice echoing through his house, hit upon certain conclusions.

An irate grandmother, a police prowl car, a red-eyed father, and the Little Woman all reached the house at the same interesting moment. Mr. Ridgely, oddly enough, didn't stay to renew that insurance policy.

To be concise, he made only one deal in a year's sales experience: that was a three-year fire policy to his aunt, carrying a total premium of $7.83. Only one good thing came out of premium prospecting—he collected a notebook full of anecdotes, some of which he has turned into humorous fiction and gay essays. He has never tried to sell any of them; he was just satisfying some inner urge.

It struck him quite forcibly one day that he might become an actor; it was an imaginative occupation, not likely to be ruined by a devotion to golf, or inhibited by a certain diffidence of manner. He enrolled at Pasadena Community Playhouse where he met, among others, Victor Jory.

For six years John did anything and everything around the Playhouse; he painted scenery and built sets; he ran the gamut from dialect parts to haunted grandfathers. He learned the actor's trade. Irving Kumin, Warners' assistant casting director and unofficial talent scout, spotted him in one of the Pasadena plays and gave John a small part in Mervyn LeRoy's picture, "They Won't Forget." It was well named; also performing her first rôle in motion pictures was an actress of whom you may have since heard—name of Lana Turner.

This picture didn't weave laurel wreaths for anyone; it was just good practice. One night, when John was driving from Hollywood to his home in Pasadena, he was breezing along a deserted, moonlit highway at a forthright forty-five. At the crest of a hill, he made a sharp right hand turn and plunged into one of the unaccountable ground fogs that sometimes settle extemporaneously into a California valley, obscuring it like a giant delivery of newly ginned cotton.

John missed the turn, was luckily tossed through the top of his car on the first somersault, and sat up dazedly to watch his nearly new automobile complete 18 full loops into the ravine. Thereafter, he couldn't get a wrecking company to make an attempt to extricate the car; the city salvage crew finally fished it out and Mr. Ridgely derived fifty bucks for the sale of same.

Victor Jory, noting a certain dejection in John's attitude, gave him a job as stand-in. Which gives our history of Mr. Ridgely a pretty filip because—to the best of this reporter's knowledge—he is the only stand-in for a male star who has eventually snagged stardom for himself. So many persons really believe that the way to get a picture break is to be seen around the sets as a stand-in, that John's experience should be stressed as an unique happenstance.

His next screen break occurred by reason of his punctuality. Warners were casting a picture titled "Submarine D-1" and asked for some Playhouse personalities to be supplied. Arbitrarily they decided that the first three men to report would be given the officer rôles—complete with the close-ups which are stepping stones to contracts. John arrived No. 2 on the list, and became a three-striper on the spot. And, when the film was in the cans, John was given a seven-year contract. Two years later this was extended another seven years, and just before he went into "Air Force" Warners again tore up the old ticket and gave John another seven-year deal.

Of course you're thinking, "If he was always so good, why did it take 5½ years for him to get a part like that of the pilot in 'Air Force'?"

This is a question that John doesn't mind answering. "I was learning the business inside out. I was building character, scope of understanding, and technique. A long apprenticeship never hurt anyone who wants to stay in this business on a permanent basis."

He worked in 125 pictures before he arrived in "Air Force." One of these was "Dangerously They Live" which starred John Garfield and Nancy Coleman. In the credits which are run off just before the screening begins, John Ridgely's name was billed in bold letters. A number of his friends, upon seeing it murmured among themselves, "With such large billing, it's plain that John has finally been given his big break."

The picture opened on a shot showing a sinister-looking Joe putting the finger on Nancy as she emerged from a building. He flipped away a cigarette in as deft a bit of spine-chilling plot action as had been photographed in some time. The camera turned to follow Nancy into the sedan, leaving John on the corner. And that, so help us, was the last seen of the prominently billed Mr. Ridgely!

Then there was the career instance when John and Susan Peters tested for one of Warners' super-dupers. The test went off very well; each felt that they had clicked in the parts. The director was ecstatic (an occupational disorder). A report filtered through the mists of studio management that "they" liked the test. "They" were thrilled over the prospect of the job John and Susan could do. No one in Hollywood knows exactly who "they" are; it's like what causes earthquakes—everyone has a theory on the subject, but no one ever does anything about it.

John confidentially told a few of his friends that he had been tipped off that the cushy part was his; Susan did the same. One morning John reported for a minor job of work in a short subject and noticed a call sheet posted for the picture in which he expected to be cast. A pair of players had been borrowed from another studio to enact those plum leading parts. Remember how it felt the first time you fell down a flight of stairs? Remember what happened when you got hit in the head by a baseball? Confer with John—he'll be able to tell you whether the stars had five points or six.

While he was working by day in miscellaneous Warner jobs, by night John was returning to the Playhouse to savor what was cooking. He was standing in the foyer one night, after having seen the first act of one of the more esoteric plays which Pasadena sometimes essays, when he heard a charming but decisive feminine voice observe, "This is the worst play I have ever seen. Someone must have been out of his mind."

John swung around and grinned. "I just want to say that I agree with you 100%," he said. Such a strong fellow-feeling led to more conversation. John outlined the play scheduled for the following week and slyly mentioned the night on which he planned to see it. Sure enough, when he strolled around the foyer on that evening, whom should he see—? It's fate, matey.

In a few months they were married and Mrs. Ridgely, who will argue at the drop of a film-cutter's scissors that John is the best actor on earth, was urging him to become a desk-thumper to demand better parts. John only grinned. He is six feet two inches of tousel-headed, easy-going, grey-eyed typical American. He moves slowly, as if totally uninterested in setting the world on fire. Flick an eyelash, and wherever did all that smoke come from?

John Ridgely Rea, currently aged 2 years, arrived while his father was working in "Navy Blues." His every development has been marked by some picture in which John, Sr., has been working. Currently, John suspects that his son has the soul of a critic. A friend sent the Ridgelys a smoked ham from the east. The baby leaning out of his mother's arms to pat this beautiful item, crooned happily, "Da-da, Da-da."

To call a man a ham, considering the present ration point value, is probably the highest compliment that can be paid him. The second highest would be for YOU to write reams of letters to Warner Brothers, begging for the brilliant actor who created the unforgettable *Quincannon* in "Air Force" to be given a succession of fine parts.

He can handle 'em.

# How to Win Out on ROMANCE

by DIANA BARRYMORE

**1 When that man you've had your eye on asks for a date** it's time to go into action. You've got to look irresistible—and you've got to *feel* it.

**2 Take time out for this beauty pick-up.** It's wonderful what a refreshing Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will do! Leaves you feeling like a million, really *sure* of daintiness.

**3 You'll see approval in his eyes.** Men don't call it "daintiness"—they just know it's nice to be near the girl whose skin is smooth and fragrant.

**4 Ten to one he'll say "You're sweet."** You can't afford to take chances with daintiness, so make *sure* the gentle Lux Toilet Soap way.

A DAILY **LUX SOAP** BEAUTY BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT **DAINTINESS**—MAKE **SURE** OF SKIN THAT'S **SWEET**

Lovely Star of Universal's "FIRED WIFE"

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—*it leaves skin SWEET!***

# How Mrs. Bob Hope is Pitching on the Home Front

Continued from page 31

Bob's talents seem to particularly fit into entertaining the soldiers; he's doing a grand job and getting a terrific bang out of it. I've never known anyone who enjoys his work, every phase of it, as he does. Maybe that's the reason he stands up under all these added demands. He's in fine condition for he takes excellent care of himself, smokes and drinks very little, watches his diet, and requires little sleep. He actually gained weight during his Alaskan trip.

"Usually I go with Bob when he puts on his programs at the camps, and it is always an inspiring experience. Performing before an enthusiastic audience of twenty or thirty thousand men is heart-warming, and very thrilling. Now that he's making a picture, 'Let's Face It,' he visits only nearby camps and sometimes we have an evening at home, which is a novelty for us. Soon he'll be leaving for another long camp tour which may take him overseas.

"I couldn't let this exciting world fly by without doing my share and I'm busy, too. I am head of the Southern California A.W.V.S., and Chairman of the Agriculture Department. You have no idea how many angles this involves. We spend days and nights rounding up workers, both men and women—thousands and thousands of them, to harvest the fruit and vegetable crops. Also, the vast vineyards. We have to work fast, you know, and it is a tremendous task. But we are so elated over our success that we forget to be tired. There are also a hundred and one other demands on us. Swinging a great nation into preparation for an all-out war calls on everyone to do his share. This war work is creating a new understanding among people of every strata. Barriers, such as wealth, prestige, position, all fall into a heap when working shoulder to shoulder to keep the world free and safe. Personally, I get a terrific satisfaction out of this activity."

I watched Dolores as she talked. She's vibrant, so alive, and her big expressive eyes were shining with enthusiasm. She and Bob make an ideal couple. They've been married ten years. Never having gone in for marital vacations, the longest separations they have ever had were the seven weeks Bob was with the Victory Caravan, and the four weeks during his Alaskan trip. He wires and writes every day when away from home. We looked over the mountain of clever cards he sent from Alaska, addressed in turn to Dolores, Linda and Tony. All carried a comedy quip and were signed "Gypsy Hope."

"Our romance?" Dolores laughed, "It was almost love at first sight, and very romantic. I was singing in a New York night club, the Vogue, and one evening George Murphy brought Bob in and introduced him, saying he wanted him to hear my songs. Later, we all went over to the Haw-Haw Club. I hadn't caught his name and wasn't the least interested, but when George left us for a minute, just to make conversation I asked him if he wanted to dance. 'No,' he said. 'I don't like to dance!' And that was all right with me, too.

"Just then, George came back and we stepped out on the floor. We had danced around the room but once when Bob cut in, saying 'I've changed my mind.' I was so astonished that for the first time I took a good look at him. I saw a very young, and at the moment, a very serious fellow, but then and there—*I knew I liked him!* He's a marvelous dancer and the next minute we were floating through rosy clouds. Later, at the table, I happened to say that my birthday was on May 27th, and Bob grinningly added that his was May 29th. My heart stopped! I had been reading up on astrology and it seemed to me that the one positive rule was that no one born under the Gemini sign should marry another Gemini.

"When I went home that night I told mother that I had met my future husband. Being accustomed to my crazy outbursts, she casually asked who he was. I told her I didn't know; probably he was a chorus boy with some small show. This was the night of December 21st. The Wednesday after Christmas, I attended the matinée performance of 'Roberta,' which was the talk of the season. Imagine my complete, my utter amazement when I discovered that my chorus boy was *Bob Hope*, star of 'Roberta!' A friend took me backstage to see Bob, and he asked for a date the next evening. I saw him every night until I left for Florida on January 14th, where I was to sing at the Embassy Club. Bob phoned regularly, and one night he asked me to marry him. I hurried back to New York, arriving on February 14th, and on February 19th, 1933, we were married. We've had ten wonderful years," she added.

"Bob was born in London," she went on, "so, just before the war, we decided to visit England, a sort of second honeymoon trip. We had a gorgeous four weeks, saw the house in which he was born, went to two shows every night, prowled through antique shops, and did all the touristy things. If you wonder where Bob gets his comedy talent you should see his grandfather, who is ninety-nine—he tops Bob at every turn. He's a real wonder. They had a gathering of the family clan and the old man was master of ceremonies and he was a riot!

"We returned on the Queen Mary's last trip and it was exciting for we had blackouts and submarine scares every night."

It was following his New York stage and radio successes that Paramount brought Bob to Hollywood for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Now, he's making his eighteenth film. His rise on both radio and screen is one of the most spectacular in Hollywood annals.

Cute Jeanne Crain takes no chances with ol' Sol as she prepares to enjoy her sun siesta.

When he first arrived, Bob wasn't sure he wanted to live so far from Broadway, and for several years the Hopes leased a house on a two-months' basis. But suddenly, he found he wanted to take root, wanted to make this his permanent home. So, up went this lovely English farmhouse. The domestic problem has hit Dolores. At the moment, she has a good nurse for the children, a woman to come in once a week for general cleaning, and does the remainder of the work herself. The two and a half acres of lawns and gardens are Bob's territory.

"Bob has a wonderful disposition and is always happy," says Mrs. Hope. He puts unbounded enthusiasm into all that he does and gets every ounce of fun out of even the most trivial incidents. I'm sure the reason he can accomplish so much is because he has a remarkable concentration. If he is reading, working over his radio or film script, or even just listening to the radio, he becomes completely absorbed and the house could tumble down without his knowing it.

"He adores the children and it is a continual joy to him that both Linda and Tony have a keen sense of humor. Tony promises to be a broad comedian for he loves to dress up in funny clothes and hats, and strike eccentric poses. Linda's comedy is more subtle. She's dainty and graceful."

A pause, then she went on. "It is the woman who makes the marriage, and like any career, one must work at it. Successful marriages just don't happen, they're the result of much thought and consideration. It is a mistake to let life together become a habit, a mere routine, when a little gaiety, a few happy surprises can change the tempo. Usually, the adjustments are for the wife to make and it is wise to sense her husband's moods, then tune in on them.

"Yesterday, Bob came home walking on air and I thought—Hurrah! we've won the war! Then out came the big news that he'd made 74 at golf, beating even Bing Crosby, which was a major triumph. Bob and I share all our interests, we like the same things, the same people, we work and play the same way, and I'm sure this creates a strong bond. He's never obvious yet he seeks my advice and approval, and we talk over things that concern either of us.

"We're not especially keen on parties, and seldom go dancing. You recall," she added, "he gave me warning when he refused that first dance. His idea of a pleasant evening is a quiet dinner here at home, then go to a show. He is a rabid film fan and likes all pictures—good, bad and indifferent. After the last show, we get a big dish of ice cream, then come home where he works on his radio script until midnight. Or later. He hates to go to bed early."

"What about jealousy?" I asked. "All these beautiful movie girls?"

Dolores laughed. "It has its moments," she admitted. "But not too many, nor too serious. Bob hasn't been classed as a Great Lover, and he doesn't always win the girl, so there aren't too many love scenes. Mostly, his sweethearts have been good friends of mine, like Madeleine Carroll and Dorothy Lamour. If I had a real occasion, I presume I'd run true to feminine type and do some ranting. But so far, I haven't had to develop a jealous technique.

"Marriage can become complicated. Nothing is stationary, least of all emotions. But when a couple has built up understanding and companionship, along with their love, they find little difficulty in bridging the various evolutions. That is the real test that tells if marriage is the right kind!"

# Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .

*Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther.*

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Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

# DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

# "Five Graves to Cairo"

Continued from page 32

joined operations last night at Bir Hacheim. Looked like a frolic, sir. We thought we had those German tanks on the run. Then their formation split wide open and there were the 88's. Right against our belly, sir. Very clever, this blasted Herr Rommel. Thirty shells a minute."

A door opened but he didn't hear it. A girl stood there, her slender body bracing itself to support the heavy laundry basket she carried. But he did not see her.

"Yes, sir, we pulled out fine," he went on. "Ever see a five-passenger hearse, sir, doing the Lambeth walk with the exhaust hit and going 'psssssstttt'? Is there transportation back to Tobruk?"

"Listen, you!" Farid interrupted. "The British aren't here any more. They left. There's no more Tobruk. Bardia has fallen. Try to listen, please. The British have evacuated. This is Sidi Barrani, sir."

"Five little Britishers driving in the sun." Bramble's short laugh came without mirth. "Out hunting Jerries and then there was one. One. That's bloody close to zero." Suddenly Bramble's blurred eyes began to focus again. He stared at the girl. "Hello, Miss!" He managed to smile. "Women at Staff Headquarters now?"

It was when he tried to bow to her that he fell, flat on the floor. Farid bent over him while the girl looked on impassively, her eyes showing no emotion at all. Then suddenly from the distance came the sound of motorcycles and Farid stared through the doorway appalled as the vanguard of the German Army rolled into the village.

"Our new guests," the girl said calmly, and still there was no emotion in her eyes as she looked down on Farid frenziedly trying to shake Bramble back to consciousness. Then as Farid seized him by the armpit and began dragging him toward the desk in front of the bead curtain separating the lobby from the dining room, she spoke again. "I wouldn't do that."

"Where else can I put him?" Farid demanded.

"Right in the middle of the floor," she said disdainfully.

"But they'll see him and shoot him." Farid quickly pushed Bramble out of sight and stood up panting.

"Now they'll shoot you, too," she said.

Farid looked at her stupefied but it was too late to reconsider. A German lieutenant was coming through the doorway.

The lieutenant, his name was Schwegler, pulled a notebook from his pocket. It was the Egyptian's first lesson in German thoroughness.

"Your name is Farid," he told the astonished hotel owner. "You are Egyptian. You have a native cook by the name of Terek. There's a chambermaid by the name of Marie Jacquelin. French citizen, born in Marseilles."

"Informed of everything," Farid said. "But we call her Mouche."

The clipped comment came: "We like to know where the light switch is before we enter a dark room. There is a waiter here. Alsatian, by name of Paul Davos."

"He was killed." Farid didn't notice that momentary glint of exasperation in the other's eyes. "In the bombing when your planes came over last night."

Suddenly he tensed as he heard a movement coming from the direction of the desk.

"Mr. Lieutenant, you wouldn't want to see the rooms?" he asked desperately.

"Full of bedbugs, I suppose." The officer shrugged his disdain. "How many rooms?"

"Sixteen, only we lost four in the bombardment. And two bathrooms. One works."

"The rooms immediately adjacent to the good bathroom will be occupied by the German High Command." Schwegler motioned the other to lead the way upstairs. "The one with the bathroom that doesn't work goes to the Italian General."

"Yes, sir." Farid tried not to look toward the desk as he started up the stairs. "Come on, Mouche."

The girl didn't look then either. But as they reached the place where a clear view of the desk could be had neither could resist that downward glance. They barely managed to stifle their gasps. The place behind the desk was empty and as they stared there was an almost imperceptible rippling of the heavy bead curtain before it hung lifeless again. The Englishman had regained consciousness, had managed to crawl under the curtain into the deserted dining room.

"Oh, by the way," the lieutenant turned and for the first time there was something almost like a smile on his lips as he looked at Mouche, "before I make final arrangements about the quarters upstairs, which is your room?"

"Way down the hall," she said. "Next to the one you assigned to the Italian General."

"Well, if that worries you—" His glance took in every curve of her slender body.

"I'm not afraid of generals." Mouche shrugged. "It's lieutenants I'm afraid of."

Her smile took some of the sting from her words as she walked over to Farid.

"Thanks be to Allah!" he whispered as the officer walked from the bedroom into the one good bathroom. "Of all the miracles, that was the most miraculous miracle, an unconscious man spirited away through a bead curtain."

"He's gone," she said under her breath. "That's all. He was never here. We had nothing to do with him. If any questions are asked—" She stopped suddenly as a sharp volley of shots echoed from the courtyard outside. "That's even better," she said coldly. "There will be no questions asked."

"Poor fellow!" Farid shook his head. "Such a nice fellow. But maybe it's for the best all around."

After that it was like coming face to face with a ghost, seeing the Englishman standing there in the servant's room as they came into it later. Bramble had exchanged his uniform for the baggy black trousers and white shirt which he had found in the wardrobe.

"How did you get here?" Farid gasped.

**CAST**

**"FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO"**

(A Paramount Production)

Based on a play by Lajos Biro. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Directed by Billy Wilder.

*Bramble*.....Franchot Tone
*Farid*.....Akim Tamiroff
*Field Marshal Erwin Rommel* Erich von Stroheim
*Genl. Sebastiano*..Fortunio Bonanova
*Mouche*.....Anne Baxter
*Lieutenant Schwegler*.Peter Van Eyck
*Major Lamprecht*.....Fred Nurney
*Colonel Fitzhume*.....Miles Mander
*Captain St. Bride*.....Ian Keith

"Window," Bramble said. "Only how did I get to this hotel?"

"You had a sunstroke." Farid still looked shaken. "I put you behind the desk. That's all I know except they shot you."

"They shot an Italian soldier," Bramble said. "For stealing drinking water. Whose are these?" He held up a pair of shoes, one normal, the other a misshapen shoe made to fit a club foot.

"They belonged to our waiter," Farid said, "Paul Davos, who was killed when Room Fourteen was blown into the cellar."

"Good," Bramble smiled. "He was never killed, understand?"

"You cannot stay here!" Farid's voice rose desperately as Bramble began putting on the shoes. "They'll be all over the hotel. Get out, quick!"

"Listen, man," Bramble protested. "It's only until the British come back."

The girl looked at him then, her smile mocking. "Until who comes back?" she asked disdainfully. "The British? Since when do the British come back?"

"You don't like us," Bramble said slowly.

"No!" She almost spat the word out. "And if he doesn't tell the Germans, I will. I had two brothers in the French Army. At Dunkirk when the British decided to evacuate their troops what did they do with the French? They left them on the beaches, to die or be captured."

"Who did you get that from?" he asked evenly. "Laval?" Then as she swung around to the door, her hand on the knob, his voice rose. "Just five seconds before you call in the Germans. Five seconds, that's all."

"What do you want to tell me about?" she jeered. "Blood, sweat and tears?"

"Pencil," Bramble said. Then as Farid gave him his, he took a leaf from the calendar on the table and began writing something on it. "This is my wife's address in London." He looked up apprehensively as the servant's bell began buzzing and Mouche's hand tightened on the door-knob, but he kept on scribbling the message. Then desperately, his voice hurrying against time, he went on, "Mail this to her when you can. And," he tore off his identification tag as the buzzer sounded again, "put this inside. This is for my older boy. I wish I had something for the younger one."

There were those quick footsteps outside then, that insolent voice raised in anger, demanding service. The girl still stood motionless beside the door.

"Now that we've disposed of the tears," Bramble said quietly, "any time, Mademoiselle."

"What is this?" Schwegler's voice roared outside. "Active resistance?" He blinked as he flung the door open and stared at Bramble. "Who is he?"

There was that long moment that seemed never to end. Then at last the girl spoke. "He's our waiter. Paul Davos, an Alsatian."

She had come through for him. She was even flinging him a hint as to the nationality he must assume. His eyes thanked her silently. For that long moment she looked at him, then quickly turned away.

"I thought you were killed," Schwegler said.

"Only buried alive, sir," Bramble answered. "When I came to it seemed the whole hotel was on top of me. It took me eight hours to dig myself out. You see, it's not very easy for me."

He took a few limping steps to prove his point and the lieutenant glancing at the misshapen boot consulted his notebook again.

"So you're Paul Davos," he said. "Come with me." Then as they started down the stairs he smiled. "You know, I would

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almost believe you were a real waiter."

"I *am* a waiter," Bramble tried to conceal his apprehension.

"A rather special kind of waiter." The German nodded approvingly. "You play your part well."

The Germans had been thorough. A telegraphic apparatus was already set up in the dining room and an officer was standing beside it dictating a message to the operator. Bramble caught his breath sharply. He was looking at Rommel.

"My Feuhrer!" The Field Marshal's voice swooped toward each period like a Stuka bomber. "I have today crossed the Egyptian border. I am now marching toward Alexandria and Cairo. Nothing can save the British Eighth Army from a colossal catastrophe."

As he swung around on his heel Schwegler gave him the notebook and they held a whispered conference. Rommel looked from the book to Bramble.

"Why in the name of the devil didn't we get proper information about the British withdrawal?" he thundered. "I read here that you are a competent man. Is that competent?"

Schwegler saved Bramble the necessity of replying.

"With the Field Marshal's permission, sir," he said. "He's been buried under the débris in the cellar since last night. He could not very well use the laundry communications. You will find he has a good record as advance man. They used him in Danzig, in Rotterdam, and in Athens."

The Field Marshal nodded as he went to the sideboard and poured himself a glass of cognac. When he offered one to Bramble, the Englishman knew he had come through another danger zone safely.

"You will continue here, posing as a waiter, until we can get you through to Cairo."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Bramble bowed.

Rommel gave him a long look.

"How do you find the British Intelligence Service?"

"Not very intelligent," Bramble smiled.

"Not an inkling about Professor Cronstaetter? The five graves?"

"Not an inkling," Bramble said.

The name, the curious reference to the five graves, Schwegler's former allusion to the laundry communications raced tantalizingly through his brain for the rest of the evening. There wasn't a chance to speak to Farid until late that night when Bramble went to the servant's room and found the Egyptian waiting for him.

"What's all this about a Professor Cronstaetter?" Bramble asked.

"Professor Cronstaetter? I know that name." Farid frowned as he tried to remember. "Or do I? Maybe not?"

"What did Davos have to do with the laundry?" Bramble went on.

Neither of them knew Mouche had come into the room until she spoke. "I do the laundry," she said antagonistically.

"All alone?" Bramble asked.

"Sometimes he helped me put it out to dry." Her eyes were still hostile.

"Flat on the sand maybe?" Bramble couldn't hold back his excitement. "Bed sheets, towels, napkins spread out nicely for the Messerschmitts! It's my guess, Mademoiselle, that you've been washing some sort of alphabet. A bedsheet could be a dash and a napkin a dot. Then again a sheet could mean ten thousand men, and a towel petrol tanks coming through."

"I didn't realize then but now it seems perfectly simple," the girl said coldly. "The Germans were smart again."

"Mouche, please!" Farid interrupted. "Why fight? He won't be here long. He is going away. Aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," Bramble said shortly.

"I heard it with my own ears," Farid protested. "From the kitchen. They're sending you to Cairo. You'll be safe."

"Sure!" Bramble grinned. "I limp into British Headquarters with this club foot of mine. 'And where have you been, Corporal Bramble?' 'Oh, no place much. Just spent a day or two with Rommel.' 'Rommel? You were under the same roof with Rommel and you didn't leave him with a hole in his head and his head in a puddle of blood?'"

"You're talking like a fool!" the girl blazed.

Bramble slipped his hand into his pocket. It was still there all right, the Italian General's revolver which he had taken when he brought towels to his room. The feel of it gave him courage.

"Corporal John J. Bramble!" He grinned. "Formerly with Selfridge's Department Store, third floor, umbrellas, walking sticks, seat canes for the Derby. Out of a hundred and twenty thousand men in the Army of the Nile, that it should be this J. J. Bramble, always rather afraid of his floor manager! Yes, it is foolish."

The indicator buzzed twice, Mouche's signal. All of them ignored it.

"But I am scared!" Farid implored.

"What do you think *I* am?" Bramble demanded. "It's just that I have happened to draw the black ball, blast it."

"We haven't drawn it, Farid and I," the girl said quietly.

"No, we haven't." Farid seized on this new approach. "And we saved your life, didn't we, Mouche?"

"I heard a wife crying," she said starkly. "And some little boys, and some words

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came out of my mouth," she then added.

"Thank you very much," Bramble said. "You won't be involved. In the morning he will ring for breakfast. It will all happen very fast. Just as he drops his second lump of sugar in his coffee."

"So that's all you want!" she blazed. "Just because it's good for England! Well, you're not going to do it, it doesn't fit in with my plans. Why do you think I stayed on in this filthy place? Because I was waiting for *them*. I want to do business with them."

She raised her head defiantly and went to the corner walled off from the rest of the room by a crude wood partition and a curtain serving as a doorway. For the first time Bramble understood the attempt at privacy for this one bed of the five in the room. That closed-in alcove was Mouche's bedroom.

The whole indicator began buzzing and all the rings were for Mouche. Farid gestured eloquently as he left the room.

"You will be pleased to hear that I never snore," Bramble said in a conversational tone. Then as the indicator buzzed again, "Farid won't do, obviously. One and three and six have rung again. I understand Rommel keeps his African Corps in hothouses before he sends them out in the desert. Must have been quite some time since they've heard a woman's voice."

She didn't answer and he went on. "I've been here eighteen months myself. That's a lot of days but a lot more nights. You try to sandbag your mind and yet you keep coming back to the seam of that girl's stocking not centered quite properly. Her name was Vivian. I met her the day before the troopship left. It was raining, and her cheek felt like the outside of a champagne bucket." Suddenly he remembered something. "Oh, Mademoiselle." He sounded contrite. "I lied to you. I had to say something quick and effective to soften your heart. I haven't any children. Haven't any wife. Never been married. Forgive me?"

Still there was no answer. Then as the buzzer rang he grinned as he looked at the indicator. "How about the Italian General? Or the Major with the monocle? Who are you waiting for, Mademoiselle?"

"Number Five," she said tersely.

"The Field Marshal himself." He chuckled. "Sorry, but I take Number Five."

But when he woke in the morning the revolver was gone from beneath his pillow, and when he dressed hurriedly and walked down the hall he saw Mouche in the Field Marshal's bedroom serving coffee.

Bramble heard only a murmur of voices as he passed, not enough to make out their conversation. He couldn't hear that the girl was pleading for the return of her one living brother who was a prisoner in Germany.

"He's lost one arm, Your Excellency." She was close to tears. "He can't even work for you. He's useless. Maybe I'm not. If there's any way that I can."

The Field Marshal's harsh laugh interrupted her.

"This is a familiar scene, though usually it is not the brother for whose life the heroine pleads. It is the lover. The time is midnight. Place, the tent of the conquering general. The lady blushingly makes her proposal. The general gallantly grants her wish. Later the lady very stupidly takes poison. In an operetta the two even go so far as to sing a duet. There will be no duet in my army. You are to keep out of this room from now on!"

The last sentence came in a shout and Bramble heard it. He had barely time to make his way back into the servants' room. As he closed the door he heard something drop from the ledge under the transom on the top of it. He opened the door and taking the napkin from his arm dropped it on the revolver lying there. Then he smiled grimly as he replaced it in his pocket.

He had just time to duck into the room again when he heard voices, the girl's and Schwegler's. She wasn't being cold and disdainful now but warm and alluring. He flushed as they came within sight as he saw the small oval of her face turned up to the German, her eyes smiling, her mouth inviting. Having failed to lure the fox of the desert she was going after lesser prey, he thought grimly as he passed them. He was surprised that it could hurt so much. Only then did he realize how important she had become to him.

There was no time to think of that now. The revolver was in his pocket, the Field Marshal's door was still open and he was alone. He had just made that quick step toward the door when Farid came panting up the steps, beckoning to him.

"Go back!" he whispered warningly. "There are British prisoners in the lobby. They used to be stationed here. Colonel Fitzhume lived in the hotel. He knew Davos. Quick, go back!"

"I'll keep to the kitchen," Bramble promised.

He was hurriedly crossing the lobby guarded by the German sentries when the German Major Von Buelow called his name from the dining room and he had to stop.

"Davos!" He heard the British Colonel repeat the name, saw him leave the two other prisoners and advance to meet him. "It seems I neglected to tip you when I left, so—" Suddenly he stopped, his eyes puzzled as he really saw him, and Bramble desperately broke into the silence.

"It's quite all right, Colonel Fitzhume." He met the other's eyes straight on. "May I say it's a pleasure to see you back, sir?"

There was that pregnant pause broken by the German inviting the prisoners to have a drink. It would all have been very cordial, except for the sentries outside.

"I will announce your arrival to the Field Marshal," the Major said. "If you will excuse me."

"If you will excuse *us*." One prisoner smiled. "We forgot our visiting cards."

As Bramble brought the tray over to the Colonel, he managed to show him his identification disc, cupped in his hand.

"Intelligence?" The Colonel gave him a penetrating glance.

"Royal tanks," Bramble whispered. "Just ambled in on this, so to speak. Davos is dead. He was a German agent. I have a gun. I also have a plan. I'm just waiting to get Rommel alone."

"None of that!" the other said sharply. "Dead Field Marshals tell no secrets. You're in their confidence. You've got freedom of movement. There's a bigger job."

He stopped as they heard Von Buelow's steps outside. Again Bramble became the obsequious waiter. It was a new phase of war to him seeing the Germans together with their distinguished prisoners, everything so cordial on the surface, so tense underneath. There was to be a special lunch that noon and Mouche was to help him in the pantry. It was the first chance he had to talk to her.

"I'm disappointed in you, Mouche." He tried to keep his hurt out of his voice. "Having set out for the Field Marshal, I didn't expect to see you settle for a lieutenant. Well, now that you're down to a lieutenant, how about a corporal? Let me remind you this club foot of mine is only camouflage."

There was no answer, and he laughed. "Maybe if you could see me in my black bowler. I bought one two weeks before the war, a singularly imprudent investment. Or

maybe if you imagined I was a German—" He broke off abruptly. "No I'd rather you didn't imagine I was a German."

"Eight coffees." Mouche indicated the tray.

"Very obviously I'm in the wrong army," Bramble said.

"You are!" Her voice was defiant.

"If you think you'll carve yourself some kind of niche with these Germans," he went on, "let me point out that we too wanted to do business with them. We threw our arms around them, kissed them, went on a honeymoon with them. In Munich it was. That's a very agreeable mouth you're casting before these swine."

She didn't answer and he picked up the tray and went into the dining room.

Rommel was being very expansive over coffee and cigars and cognac.

"I've heard," Colonel Fitzhume said, "you entertain captured British officers by giving them lessons in strategy."

"Better a lesson too late than none at all," Rommel said. "But the subject being vast and the time brief why don't you ask me what puzzles you most? Suppose I give you twenty questions?"

He had the bland look of a cat playing with mice, three helpless mice, as he teased them by showing the means by which the British Eighth Army had been driven into Egypt. Only, Bramble realized, in this case the mice were being smart. They were getting information from the cat, information Bramble could use.

It was all a matter of his strategy. Rommel was very proud of that. Pretending to retreat he had led the British Army on until its supply line stretched like a rubber band. That's when he hit with everything he had, snapping that weakened line in two.

"But Field Marshal?" Fitzhume used one of the last precious questions. "Now that you've thrust forward over five hundred miles aren't your supply lines getting a bit taut? And yet you expect to take Cairo. The R.A.F. will bomb your communications to ribbons."

"They will." Rommel smiled grimly. "But I won't need these lines. You see, gentlemen, it is not the supplies which reach us. It is we that reach the supplies. In 1937 we dug supplies into the sands of Egypt, a number of depots under your very noses. Gas, water, ammunition, spare parts for our tanks waiting for us."

"Where?" Fitzhume asked. And Rommel gave a short laugh.

"I gave you twenty questions, gentlemen," he said. "That is question twenty one. Now I believe the car is ready to take you to your new quarters. Goodbye gentlemen."

Farid was downcast as he helped clear the dining room afterward. "Nazis on the Nile!" he smiled. "Would it ever occur to an Egyptian to grab for the Rhine?" He pulled open the silver drawer and for a moment stood looking down into it. "That name!" he said. "Lining the drawer: Right under the knives! You ask me about it and I don't know. For years I've been looking at it every time I put the forks away. Professor Cronstaetter."

With a leap Bramble was beside him, tearing the faded newspaper out from under the forks. It was an account of the great German Archeologist Professor Cronstaetter's expedition to dig for pre-dynastic tombs along the Mediterranean. The date on the paper was 1937, the preparations year. Among the group of scientists photographed with him was the unmistakable figure of Rommel.

"What a convenient way to send a military mission with full permission to dig, dig, dig!" Bramble cried. "Only they didn't dig anything out. They dug everything in. But we don't know where. There still is

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question twenty-one." He stopped suddenly as Schwegler came into the room. The Field Marshal was asking for Davos.

They passed Mouche on the way upstairs and Schwegler greeted her ingratiatingly. Then as they went on he lowered his voice as he spoke to Bramble.

"I'd prefer that you didn't mention to the Field Marshal that you saw me with her this morning. He doesn't like his officers to get involved with civilians. Particularly women. She wants me to do something about her brother who is in a prison camp in Germany!"

Bramble could hardly hold back his elation as he went in to Rommel's room. The Field Marshal was still in high good humor. He was almost rubbing his hands as he looked down on the map of Egypt spread out on his table.

"I have just been informed my advance columns reached Y this afternoon. I wish I could have told it to those Britishers at luncheon. Their digestion would have completely stopped."

Bramble took a long chance. "For a moment I was really afraid that Your Excellency might put all the cards on the table. Tell them about your, or should I say Professor Cronstaetter's five graves."

"My tongue did itch," Rommel laughed. "Such blind ignorance is tantalizing. I might just as well have shown them my map with the location of the graves. They have such complicated minds. They expect invisible ink. Too simple for them, this." He turned to Bramble who was staring down at the map feverishly trying to make sense of it. "Davos, you're leaving for Cairo this evening. You will be taken by motorcycle to El Daba. From there a guide will get you through the British lines. You will keep your eyes open and you can expect me Sunday afternoon. We won't have any difficulty with P or T, I'm sure."

Y! P! T! If only he could find the solution. Bramble was lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling trying to figure it out, when Mouche came into the servants' quarters early that evening. He jumped up as she came in and taking her hand held it to his lips.

"If there were a local florist," he said, "I should offer you an armful of white lilacs with my humblest apologies. I had a rather nasty idea about you, Mouche. Lieutenant Schwegler cleared it up." He looked at her as she self-consciously pulled her hand away and going over to her bed pulled a box out from underneath it and opening it took out a dress, a filmy white ruffled dress.

"Dressing for dinner?" he asked.

"For *after* dinner," she said. "In Cairo I wore it Sundays. There was a parasol that went with the dress. I couldn't afford it. The handle was real ivory." Her voice was wistful. It made Bramble wish she could have had that parasol. Then suddenly he wasn't thinking of that or of her. He was staring at the box, with the store's name and address on it, at the word Egypt.

"Egypt, of course!" he cried. "E-G-Y-P-T. The five graves. All over the map. The letters. That's the depots. I've got to see that map again, to go back to his room."

"No, please!" Her voice came in quick agony. "Don't! You have had such luck. You're safe. Don't risk your neck."

His breath quickened. "Thank you, Mouche." He went over to her. "Before, you thought it was the neck of a married man. You heard a wife crying and two little boys. This time you know it's just my neck. Where's that mouth of yours?"

He held her then, his arms tightening around her, his lips finding her mouth. First there was that slight pressure of her lips. Then she pushed him away.

"I'm sorry." His voice was bitter. "I forgot. Wrong army."

It was while the officers were at dinner he got that chance to run up to Rommel's room. The map was still on the table, the word Egypt sprawled across it and in each letter was a small geometric figure, ostensibly ornamental but undoubtedly indicating the location of the supply depots.

He hurried to the bed and ripped off a piece of the mosquito netting covering it, then placing it over the map he began tracing the points in the letters. He was almost finished when the ear-splitting sound of the air-raid siren sounded. He had finished the tracing, put the netting in his pocket when he heard Schwegler's voice.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded harshly. "Didn't you hear the alarm? Everybody is ordered in the cellar."

"Yes." Bramble rolled up the map. "I thought the map should not be left."

Schwegler grunted and held out his hand for it and Bramble limped beside him down into the cellar as the first bomb rocked the house. They were making their way around the pile of debris from the last raid, Schwegler's flashlight guiding them, when Bramble drew his breath sharply. The explosion had dislodged some rubble and there under it a dead man's foot was showing, a misshapen club foot. Bramble felt the lieutenant's hand grab his shoulder.

"You're sure you're not dead, Davos?" the German demanded gruffly.

Another explosion rocked the cellar and Bramble tore himself loose from the other's grasp. Fighting his way through the dust and falling plaster he made his way first up the kitchen stairs, the German following, his gun drawn, then through the blacked-out lobby to the floor above.

Bramble had just time to leap to a window sill as the German approached him. Then, as he was passing, Bramble jumped, flinging the other to the floor beneath him. There was a shot, muffled by the siren giving the all-clear

Bramble had almost dragged the lieutenant's body to the servants' room when Farid came panting up the stairs. After that first horrified glance he helped drag the body into Mouche's alcove. There was only time for a whispered consultation before the girl came in and Farid gave her one agonized look and left.

"Not in there," Bramble said shortly as she walked toward the alcove, but in spite of the warning she drew the curtain. Bramble put his hand over her mouth to stop her scream.

"I had to do it!" he said tensely. "Farid has full instructions. The body will be found outside tomorrow. There will be my waiter's jacket and shirt with blood on it to prove my guilt. I need six hours to get past the German lines."

She managed to fling his hand away from her mouth. "Why?" she asked.

"Because a piece of mosquito netting with some pencil marks on it has to get through to British Headquarters," he said grimly. "That clear?"

"Perfectly." She looked as if she hated him. "You have killed two people. Him, and my brother. His only chance to get out alive. Schwegler showed me a telegram saying it had been arranged already. And now you ask us to cover for you so you can get away. Like Dunkirk again?"

"What about Dunkirk?" he said. "Yes, some were left behind. French and Polish and British. They had to be if the rest were to carry on. It's not one brother that matters. It's all the millions of brothers."

"Go on and talk!" Her eyes blazed. "You talk such big words. But I am small. You have a million brothers, and I have one.

(*Please turn to page* 74)

# In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN TEN MORE MINUTES they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What *more* can I do today for freedom? What *more* can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"

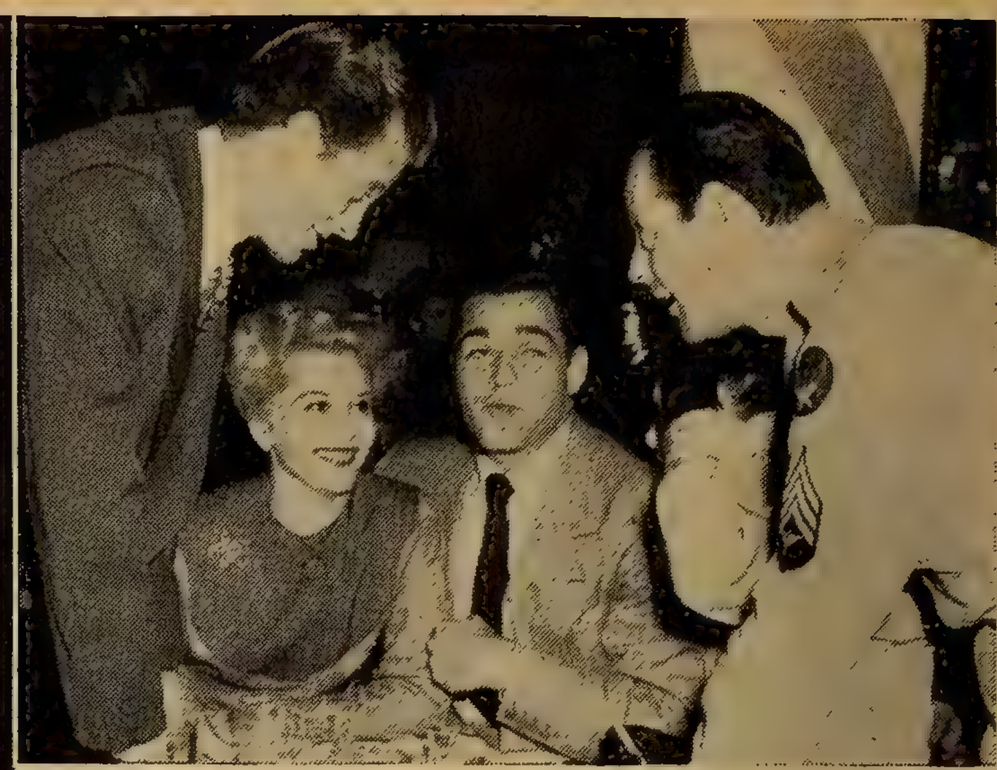
* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

**EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER**

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America



**All Candid Photos by Jean Duval**

# SCREEN-TOWN CHATTER

Sgt. Pev Marley and bride Linda Darnell at their wedding reception. Four Mocambo merrymakers, top right: Bill Lundigan, Eva Gabor, Alan Curtis, Sgt. Alex D'Arcy. Photo below them: Lucille Ball kisses hubby Desi Arnaz (he was leaving for the Army), while Frank Morgan smiles his approval. All-girl party above: Deanna Durbin, Bonita Granville, Joan Leslie, Marjorie Reynolds, Dinah Shore. Above right, Ginny Simms and steady beau Paul Bruckman, aviation executive.

ATTENTION, you Jane Wyman fans! Here's a chance for you to help your favorite actress. Janie wants to play Helen Morgan. Warner Bros. has a story called "Melancholy Baby," based on the life of the beloved songstress. Janie can sing like Helen. She once worked with her. It's just the part Janie has long been waiting for. If you think she can do it, write in to Mr. Jack Warner at his Burbank studio and tell him so. It may do the trick.

THERE'S a new club being formed in Hollywood. It's called the "Booties for Babies." The wives of Bill Holden (Brenda Marshall), George Murphy, John Garfield, Robert Young and Richard Carlson are all expecting the stork within a few months' time of each other. So they get together once a week and work on tiny garments. It's not a first experience for any of them. Yet the gals are just as delighted as any last year's bride.

"Rubinoff" (Basil) Rathbone, George Burns, Gracie Allen and Judy Garland make up foursome of entertainers at the Hollywood Canteen. Randy Scott, seldom seen without a pretty "date," pictured with Pat Stillman.

HEDY LAMARR and M-G-M are cooing like turtle-doves. Hedy got her raise and a bonus AND the promise of better pictures. She's also getting a new French Provincial dressing room. It's all being done in greens and reds by Helen Conway, the decorator who did such a wonderful job with Hedy's house. Hedy is happy in her private life, too. She became Mrs. John Loder on May 27th, at a ceremony in the Beverly Hills home of Mrs. Lily Veidt, Conrad Veidt's widow. This is Hedy's third marriage and John's second.

OUT M-G-M way they are making a picture called "Cry Havoc." It's all about a group of nurses and features a one hundred percent female cast. Margaret Sullavan, who returns to the screen in this one, refers to the set as "Girlstown."

NANCY COLEMAN and Cesar Romero met when they locked bumpers in the very center of Sunset Boulevard. Of course they recognized each other and knew they had mutual friends. So they retired to a nearby soda fountain, while a mechanic repaired the damage. Now they're dating.

THE new baby at Roy Rogers' home on the range has been christened Linda Lou. Proud papa calls her "little buckarina" and loves rounding up diapers and nursing bottles. That's quite a change from cattle rustlers and mavericks!

WHEN Bill Lundigan goes into Uncle Sam's service soon, he'll have plenty memories to take along with him. Bill has been alternating dates with Marguerite Chapman and Martha O'Driscoll. It looks like Martha is head girl in killer-diller Lundigan's life!

"NOW don't leave off the *one and a half ounces,* when you tell everyone about our son," were practically Rosalind Russell's first words to her husband. Captain Fred Brisson flew to Hollywood from New Mexico, when the stork delivered the eight pound, *one and a half ounce* bundle to his famous wife. Mother and son are doing well. In fact, too well. Roz is so popular with nurses and internes, her room looked like a reception center. The doctor finally had to put a "No Visitors" sign on the door!

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*safely*
**Stops Perspiration**

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5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

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**This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## "Five Graves to Cairo"

Continued from page 70

And I want him to live even if it costs a piece of mosquito netting."

He ran after her as she dashed into the hall. They had been too tense to notice the commotion. Soldiers were searching every room. Farid was standing on the top landing looking down at Mouche running down the stairs, then stopping suddenly as Rommel gestured to her imperiously.

"They are looking for Schwegler," Farid whispered as Bramble limped past.

Bramble looked down at Rommel impatiently pacing up and down, his eyes narrowing as they rested on the frantic girl.

"So you approached a certain lieutenant about your brother, did you?" he shouted. "I have just found out that he showed you some telegrams supposedly coming from Berlin. They were never received. He tricked you. They were forgeries."

He stopped as a soldier came dashing down the stairs, his mouth tightening as he listened to the man's frantic words.

"So you killed him!" Rommel turned to the girl again. "Self-defense, of course. Improper advances. Outraged virtue."

As Bramble waited tensely a German Corporal touched him on the arm and told him his motorcycle was waiting. Tensely he limped down the stairs, his eyes on the silent girl.

"Speak up!" Rommel shouted. "Why did you do it?"

Suddenly he struck her across the mouth and she flung her head up defiantly.

"Because I thought I could make a bargain with him. Because he lied to me. Because he was dirt—one of you!"

The gloved hand went out again. It was more than Bramble could stand. Forgetting everything he advanced toward Rommel.

"If I may be permitted, Your Excellency," he began. But the girl's wild laugh interrupted him.

"Oh, your spy wants to speak!" She spat out the words as she turned viciously to Bramble. "I will say what there is to say. I know you've worked for them all these years. Get out of here, Davos! Get out!"

She was reminding him of that piece of mosquito netting, telling him she understood at last, that she understood about Dunkirk too and that it wasn't the individual who must be considered but the good of the whole world. She had to stare at him as if she hated him, now when she loved him most. And there was nothing he could do but go out with the corporal and sit there in the side car as the motorcycle sped away. The wind blew dust into his eyes and he felt the tears smarting his eyelids.

History was in the making that day of the disastrous summer of 1942. Bramble, the unimportant clerk from a London store, was having a hand in the making of it. For it was after he reached headquarters, after the supply depots were discovered and destroyed, that a new victorious British Eighth Army attacked and won back the ground it had lost.

There was a second lieutenant's bar on Bramble's shoulder that day the British tanks rolled back into Sidi Barrani. And in his hand was the parasol, the dainty white parasol with the ruffles on it that Mouche had wanted so much. He had bought it for her in the shop in Cairo.

Hoping desperately against hope he called her name as he went into the hotel. But it was Farid who answered.

"They beat her and beat her," the Egyptian said dully. "She didn't feel it. I could see in her eyes that she was listening to your motorcycle going away. She wasn't afraid after that. In the morning they led her out. One bullet would have been enough."

"What did I expect?" Bramble forced the words through a hard sob in his throat. "It's just that you keep feeding your brain on foolish thoughts. Where is she?"

"Out there." Farid gestured toward the crosses in the small cemetery out on the sands. "I put her with the other soldiers."

Bramble knelt beside the grave.

"Hello, Mouche," he said softly. "Perhaps I should bend so you can hear me better. I brought you that parasol." His smile twisted as he opened it and stuck it in the sand at the head of the grave. It seemed as much in keeping as the helmets over the other crosses. "Don't worry, Mouche. We are after them now. When you feel the sands shake, that's us, our tanks and our guns and our lorries, thousands and thousands of them, British and French and American. We are after them now, coming from all sides. We are going to shoot Coventry back at them, and Rotterdam and Warsaw. We are going to pound and pound until the whole earth shakes like a great bell, until it rings with a new song, a better song, pray God."

His smile came then. Tears weren't for the brave, for Mouche. And as he left he didn't even turn back to see the small parasol fluttering there. It would still be there when he came back. Somehow he knew that. It would stand staunch through the battles and after that through Victory. After Bizerte was taken, after Tunis, after all of Africa was free, it would be there until he returned.

## 5 Year Plan for Fame

Continued from page 22

ever they called themselves, she was a curbstone Cornell (Katharine), appeared in a dozen plays, and was so harassed by would-be discoverers that her mother had the telephone disconnected in order that her offspring might do her geometry home work without interruption. Alas! The truth of the matter is that our Cheryl got practically nowhere with high school drama. The way things were at Pasadena High a girl had to be well up in her studies before being eligible for dramatics. Cheryl wasn't.

She enrolled at Pasadena Junior College with bright hopes. She did a play or two (one of them with a sensitive lad by the name of William Beedle) and was picking up momentum when Destiny, unannounced, tapped her on the shoulder via a nomination as Queen of the Tournament of Roses.

It was quite an honor, this business of being picked Queen of the Tournament of Roses. And a lot of fun, too. The Queen got to ride in a float, dressed in white organdy and flanked by ladies-in-waiting (who probably wished she were dead and one of them up there in her place) at the head of the most important annual parade of the country. Naturally, a hundred photographers exploded flash bulbs commemorating the event on film and every paper in Southern California carried pictures on page one the morning after.

Our heroine, shorn of her glad rags, was seated on the floor busily pasting mementos of the occasion in her scrap-book when the telephone rang. Someone from the talent department of Paramount was on the wire. It seems that he had just run across her picture in the paper and had almost swooned.

"Really now!" our Cheryl said, trying to sound unimpressed.

The Paramountie was nonplussed—but not for long. "Have you thought of pictures as a possible career?" he wanted to know.

"Not strenuously," Miss Walker replied.

"If you haven't anything better to do tomorrow, why don't you drop around by the studio and let us have a look at you?" the talent man suggested.

"It so happens that I'm going to be in Hollywood on business in the morning," said our heroine.

She was bound for Hollywood by bus the next morning, her heart pounding in her ears and browsing through the morning paper, when she chanced upon an interesting little paragraph, to the effect that Paramount Pictures had just put under contract one Cheryl Walker, late Queen of the Tournament of Roses. Her heart did a rhumba.

Arrived at Paramount, she had herself announced to the talent department, but no one rushed out to greet her. She waited an hour before the receptionist said: "You may go in now, Miss Walker."

The representative of the talent department sized her up like a Kentucky Colonel sizes up a new foal and mumbled something that sounded like Chinese for "Not bad."

"Acting experience?" (Talent representatives behave as if words cost a dollar apiece.")

"Virtually none."

The talent man muttered something that sounded like Chinese for "Good God! I'll kill those jerks over in the publicity department!" He frowned, looked her in the eye.

"How about a three-month contract at $50 a week?"

Cheryl gulped. "I think that would be positively sensational," she finally said.

Not until a week had passed did she learn the bitter truth: she had been signed because the publicity department had made a premature announcement to that effect, an announcement which had, more or less, tied the hands of the talent department.

A fortnight of waiting for a call from the casting office and she read the handwriting on the wall: the studio had no intention of using her.

Any other girl in the world but Cheryl Walker would have been overwhelmed by the situation of being an employee without employment. Cheryl thought the thing over and elected to slug it out. To start with, she sought out Oliver Hinsdell, then in charge of the studio's dramatic school, and had a heart-to-heart talk. He was impressed enough to make a notation on her card, as follows: "Good dramatic material," and to offer her whatever coaching she felt she needed.

Next, she began a systematic campaign to make friends with everyone in the studio, department by department, before her three months expired. She introduced herself to directors and asked to be remembered in case they ever wanted stand-ins, Wellman, Leisen, and the rest. She cultivated the studio writers, Preston Sturges, Talbot Jennings, Billy Wilder—just in case. She made herself known to the sound special-effects men, the sound men, the montage men. She even looked up the men in charge of making trailers. With one and all she left her telephone number and the message: "Very available."

At the end of three months her name was dropped from the contract list, but not from the studio payroll. As a matter of fact it appeared on the payroll for five years, thanks to her missionary work on the lot which started paying dividends the minute her contract expired in the form of assignments from every department on the lot.

The log of Cheryl Walker's five-year trick at Paramount as general utility girl at a salary averaging $125 a month reads like a press agent's fantasy. She acted as stand-in for everybody from Susan Hayward to Betty Hutton. She was stunt-girl for Veronica Lake in "Sullivan's Travels" and took an awful beating, if you recall the picture and remember how Little Miss One-Eye was (apparently) mauled all the way through the picture. She was Paulette Goddard's legs in "Forest Rangers," in that log-rolling scene where, just for a second, you get a glimpse of a pair of gorgeous gams treading a log to beat the band.

For the sound-effects department she was the echo of Dorothy Lamour's legs in "Aloma" and the rest of the enchanted-isle pictures where you see Dottie strolling through groves, crushing semi-tropical foliage under her dainty feet, eight to the bar.

For the special-effects department she was Claudette Colbert's double for those scenes in "No Time For Love" when Claudette is knocked off a cliff in her dreams. The special-effects boys actually used a forty-foot cliff, with a net strung up beyond the camera range. Over the cliff she would go, hit the net, bounce up, be lifted to *terra firma,* rub her bruised limbs, and hear the melancholy words: "Once more, please." It was gruelling but welcome work. It paid her $25 a day.

She was such a joy to work with that even the advertising department threw work her way, despite the fact that at least twenty cuties, all of them stock girls and drawing down regular salaries, were available for the mere asking.

You are not to get the impression, gentle reader, that Cheryl Walker frittered away these five years, knocking down her piddling $125 a month and waiting for "the break." Actually, she had a very definite plan. True, it didn't exactly work like a charm. But that was no fault of hers.

She could have earned twice her salary —three times, perhaps—by making her talents as general-utility girl available to the rest of the studios, except that by so doing she would have been defeating her plan. Her plan was to keep harassing the studios until one of them gave her a screen test which, in the event she was not signed, she could later exhibit to interested producers at other studios. Since studios are not too keen about recruiting picture material from general-utility girls, she led a double life, working three or four days a week for Paramount and devoting the rest of the week, very futilely, to getting her career started.

At the end of five furious years, she was yet to be tested, yet to appear (visibly) in a film. In a way, it was like being a zombie.

She had gone through a half dozen big agents, all of whom had promised much and delivered nothing, when she decided to cast her lot with a small agent, a former casting director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer by the name of Paul Wilkins. The new agent made no rash promises. He told her that he thought she had wonderful possibilities, that he could promise her nothing —nothing except that he would do his damndest for her.

The very next day he called her up and told her the news. Sol Lesser, about to go into production with "Stage Door Canteen," was looking for an unknown.

"That's me," she said jubilantly.

He arranged for her to meet Lesser's lieutenants the very next morning. They looked her over and told her they'd let

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her know She left the office feeling strangely disconsolate. She had heard the same thing a hundred times before and had shrugged, but somehow. . . .

Two weeks later she received a telephone call from Mr. Lesser's office. Would Miss Walker report to the studio in exactly one hour for a test? Miss Walker reported in far less time than that. She was given a honey of a test and the usual: "We'll let you know." This time she walked out of the office trilling a few bars from *Caro Nome.* Even if she didn't get the part, she had achieved what she had been trying to achieve for five years: she had been tested. Now all Mr. Wilkins had to do—once he'd gotten a nibble from an interested producer—was to call up Sol Lesser, borrow the test, run it off, and bowl the skeptical producer off his feet.

She was out on location, doing a little general utility work for her pal, Preston Sturges, in connection with "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," when the great man, himself, sashayed over.

"You're wanted on the telephone, kid," Sturges said. "Only make it fast, will you? We can't tie up the phone, partial as I am to young love."

There was no amorous bucko on the telephone. It was Sol Lesser—in person. "Can you get to my studio by 11:30?" Mr. Lesser asked her. "It's important."

She chased all over creation trying to locate an automobile she could borrow for the thirty-mile trek to Hollywood. There was none to be had. Preston Sturges found her in tears, gallantly came to her rescue. By pulling wires, he scared up a truck and driver. In ten minutes Cheryl was on her way to Hollywood.

Why linger over the next episode? Lesser shot one critical glance at her and said: "Hello, *Eileen.*" *Eileen* was the name of the heroine of the piece. Our Cheryl was in. The inventor of the Walker Five Year Plan for Fame (Patented) is a golden-blonde whose face bears a striking resemblance to that of Martha Scott (whom she admires) with a note of wistfulness that even a smile sometimes fails to shake off. Her voice is throaty, vibrant, and appealing. Her manner is casual, temperament even, disposition warm, and personality pleasantly extrovert. She comes five-feet-five, 115 pounds, blue-eyed, and minus all airs.

Appreciative of, but not taken in by, the tumult that has greeted her success, she is still the same Cheryl Walker who hounded Fame and Fortune so futilely for five years. A big name, she sticks to the same friends (none of whom are actors), sticks to the same agent, sticks to the same formula for spending an evening, to wit: playing poker and quaffing a bit of beer, listening to the latest jazz recordings (she is one of the few Hollywood personalities who doesn't claim to be mad about Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven), or just talking far into the night.

No mean athlete, she is a crack swimmer, high-diver, and horsewoman. She is currently taking up golf. She has a flare for flowered hats, the color black, and tailored dresses. She wishes she could live in slacks. She saves her money, partly out of habit and partly out of her down-to-earth philosophy that one picture doesn't make a star.

She is married, and has been for two years, to Dr. Jay Combe, who is now a junior lieutenant in the Navy. They met on a blind date. She knew when she took one look at him that he was the right man.

Just like Lesser took one look and knew she was *Eileen* of "Stage Door Canteen."

## "Under Fire"

Continued from page 38

where it was 30 below. I stayed at B.O.Q., (the Bachelor Officer Quarters.) During my entire trip I was strictly an Army girl, not a civilian, and always lived at the camps.

"From there I flew to Anchorage and remained a week, giving four shows a day. Here I met Captain Robert E. Peck, of the Army, who was to be my special escort at all times. These primitive lands aren't easy for a girl alone. I visited camps where no woman had been for more than two years, and was on islands where but one woman had ever been.

"Captain Peck proved a charming companion and we quickly found many mutual friends. He had lived in Hollywood, been with NBC, and his wife was formerly Edgar Bergen's secretary. He has a beautiful voice, too, which added greatly to our shows.

"Paramount studio had arranged for the showing of 'Holiday Inn' two weeks before my arrival at most of the camps, so the boys knew me when I landed. Also, I carried a print of 'Star Spangled Rhythm' with me, so the motion picture angle was beautifully covered. And I had a record of 'White Christmas' which we played over and over whenever we found a phonograph. The boys are starved for entertainment, they have so little. Once in a while a picture comes through from some studio and how they eat it up! Newspapers seldom reach them—I didn't see one for four weeks. There are few radios and because of weather conditions, these bring in only Tokio and Russian programs.

"The shows are staged in the mess hall and it is amazing what the soldiers do with so little—I tell you they are geniuses! They made the back-drops out of nothing. The screen was of sheets, if they had sheets. If not, they used canvas, and sometimes just smooth boards.

"There's so much talent at every camp, and usually one or two boys who have been with big-name bands. I'd gather up the boys who could do something, find out what the audience liked best, write my script, rehearse a few times and away we'd go on a two or three hour show. And they were *good* shows, too. It was all great fun, and very exciting."

Marjorie's remarkable memory helped her over many a bump. All she has to do is to "photograph" a song, or a dance routine, on her mind and it is there for keeps, ready to come forth at call. Jokes and gags were always popular, and of course her songs made a hit. But she insists the boys want to laugh and no matter how old or corny the jokes are, they bring screams of delight.

From Anchorage, Marjorie and Captain Peck flew to Kodiak Island on a cargo ship, remained a week and did four shows a day. Left Kodiak on a PBY for the six and a half hour flight down to Umnak, near the far end of the Aleutians.

"This was a beautiful trip," said Marjorie. "The weather was clear and sparkling, the rugged islands below us formed a dazzling panorama of gorgeous colors, mostly a deep blue, lighted up by many volcanoes. One can easily believe this is 1,000,000 B.C. At first, we were in the 'blister' of the ship where vision is perfect. Half an hour be-

fore we arrived at Umnak, they took us to the compartment, which is more sheltered. Then suddenly the turret was opened and they started firing. This lasted five full minutes, but it seemed five hours to me. No one would tell me why all this firing and I never did find out. But they told me that getting closer to the front anything might happen.

"We stayed at Umnak for two weeks, doing the daily four shows—interesting to know that you're half way to Tokio in Umnak. Most of the posts are located where no one ever lived before and you can't imagine how primitive all living conditions are. From there we went by PBY plane to Dutch Harbor, where we did shows with 100 percent coverage. Once, I had luncheon aboard a naval ship and was privileged to pilot the Captain's boat out to the ship, which was a thrill.

"From Dutch Harbor we flew to another base, a most isolated spot, in a JRF, quite a luxurious amphibian plane. Here we gave as many shows as possible and met up with dehydrated foods. These were powdered milk, powdered eggs, Viennese sausages, and so on. All in all, this formed my menu for four weeks. I lost ten pounds for while dehydrated foods are well balanced and wholesome, one must become accustomed to them.

"There's no liquor at any of these points and the fellows would gladly pay $100 a quart for Bourbon, or a quart of milk. Money has little value because there is nothing to buy, except Victory Bonds, and they are all buying plenty of them. I autographed dozens of $100 bills. Monotony prevails but I never saw such a universal sense of humor. Whether this was natural, or whether, pressed by necessity, it was cultivated, I don't know. But everyone had it and I guess that's what keeps them going.

"The problem of transportation is the villain in this drama. It is so difficult for ships and planes to get through that the cargo is cut to the minimum, and not a single non-essential is permitted. Even packages from home have been barred, which is sad for the boys. The morale is better at the forts nearest the front because there is more activity. Those inland are just waiting—waiting. Their slogan is 'Home by July 4th,' and on July 4th, they change it to 'Home by Christmas!'

"Flying back to Anchorage we ran into terrific weather and watched the ice quickly form on all metal parts. I had on ski pants, a flying suit, and my *parka*. The Captain had given me the *parka* when we first started out and it is a heavy leather coat with sheeps' wool lining. Navy officers wear them in all cold lands.

"At Anchorage I had laundry done and clothes cleaned for the first time in five weeks. I always wore simple formals with long skirts for the shows, and at all times I tried to emphasize the softly feminine by keeping my hair in curl, and watching my make-up.

"Here's a laugh. Before starting 'Holiday Inn' the studio made me bleach my brown hair to golden, and now they want me to keep it that way. Of course, it didn't hold up all these weeks and one morning at four o'clock, before starting out on one of our trips, the Captain was helping me touch it up. He proved adept and anyway, between us we did a good job.

"Flying from Anchorage to Cordova over rough glacier country, we ran into difficulties with dense fog sweeping all around us. Often, trying to get under it we were but fifteen feet above the ocean. We circled Cordova for forty-five minutes before landing, with the pilot 'sweating' it out. Finally, he said, 'Let's take a chance—on that snow!' We settled down on it carefully and it happened to be all right. With so

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many storms, heavy fogs, no radio beams—too much electricity for them, and no weather stations, flying becomes a gamble.

"At Cordova I had the thrilling experience of walking right up to the mouth of a glacier. Few have this privilege because they usually come up in the ocean. I was lucky to see an inland glacier, to have good weather, and a plane to take me out. It's a magnificent sight and you feel you're in a different world. Miles and miles of blue ice, broken by crevasses, and all surrounded by the blue, blue sky. And nothing else in sight!"

From Cordova, Marjorie went to Yakatuk, then on to Juneau, where she welcomed civilization again, with plumbing, electricity, and other comforts. Along with her shows, she was entertained by the Governor of Alaska, and his wife. All in all, she was entertained by many high-ranking Army and Navy officers.

"While I worked hard to give the soldiers the full quota of entertainment, and spent hours on our programs, I had a lot of fun, too. The boys all want to talk and laugh and sing and dance. We raced around the forts in Jeeps and saw many sights. We followed the tracks of timber wolves and other wild animals. And I saw *weather,* which means I saw it in its super-fury. I also saw the Northern Lights, fascinating rock formations, and ice towers and spirals. And I mastered the technique of a sleeping bag."

Marjorie's biggest thrill, of course, was receiving the special service ribbon with its precious star, but she doesn't tell where or when she was under fire and that remains a military secret. The presentation was made by Captain Gehres of the Navy, at a dinner with many Navy officers as guests, and she proudly wears this insignia at all times.

From Juneau, she went to Seattle by the Pan American Airway, and after flying more than 7000 miles over Alaska in all kinds of weather, came the anticlimax: she had to take a slow train from Seattle to San Francisco. Here she boarded a plane, but ironically, she was set down at nearby Newhall because of bad weather and brought into Los Angeles on the radio beam.

There's a very human undercurrent to all this story. When Marjorie received her orders to go on this trip to Alaska, her young husband, Lieutenant Jack Reynolds of the Signal Corps, was home on a brief furlough, and she was faced with a difficult decision. Talking it all over, they both felt they were Uncle Sam's soldiers, and could see but one thing to do: follow the orders. So, I think this definitely places Marjorie Reynolds in the heroine class.

## Does "He" Carry Your Voice In His Heart?

Continued from page 34

lines made up of friends of her mother. A voice has a way of going from heart to heart, as it were, without the slightest effort on the part of the speaker. Or it can have just the other effect. Nothing leaves a fellow so cold as a maiden with a mouse's squeak, unless it is one that calls for the protection of earmuffs.

"It seems a pity that so many otherwise glorious girls have such miserable voices," he complained, "and most men are worse, except that they can be heard farther because their voices are louder. The marvelous thing about Olivia de Havilland's voice is—that while it is rich and tender and feminine, it also can show by its ringing vigor that she is heroic and thrilling."

I thought he was off again, but he suddenly ended, "She's all woman! I love her!" He picked up the check—and that was that.

I might have been bored by such an unending paean to any other but Miss de Havilland's voice, because it stands terribly high with me too! Being a woman, I might even have dived into a spin of my own in praise of the caressing dynamite contained in Charles Boyer's wooing voice—the greatest flutterer of feminine hearts among the masculine movie stars that I know anything about. But instead I hung breathless upon every word my escort uttered, because he was saying things I very much wanted to hear. They exactly backed up statements I had heard made many times by the noted New York singer and voice teacher, Miss Crystal Waters (it's her own name!)—who probably knows as much about the heart havoc played by voices, whether yours, or Olivia de Havilland's or the soda fountain boy's who's gone to war, as any one on earth.

The study of voices-in-action has been Miss Waters' life work, and she has used the motion picture theater as a sort of laboratory of vocal expression ever since the movies found their voice, sending her pupils there regularly to analyze the speech of the stars. And aside from all the highlights and traditions that teaching has given her about the voice—Miss Waters, as a very young singer, headed a concert unit which sang for American doughboys in the entertainment huts up back of the trenches in World War I. She listened to the confidences of whole battalions of homesick soldiers between concerts—which gave her, she says, the most profound insight into the effect voices have upon others.

"The sound of our voices has an unbelievably deciding effect on our success or failure in life, including our romances. It is one of the strongest attractions between the sexes," this tall, charming musician has told me frequently

"The voice is really a Pied Piper," Miss Waters elucidates. "Perhaps you have never thought that not only what you say—but even more the way you say it may bring tumbling after it such marvelous things as a thrilling job, adoration, riches, or it may do just the opposite.

"For the sound of our voices, more than any other feature we possess, reveals our inner life and emotions. It is a barometer registering for others our background, nationality, education, refinement, sincerity, temperament, disposition. A rich, vibrant voice is of special interest to a lightning detector in the opposite sex, whose business it is to report the slightest tremor of interest from the heart angle—and works automatically.

"Animals and birds—as well as human beings—feel the appeal of sound in the opposite sex. As I said before, humans are especially susceptible to richness and vibrancy of tone, which indicate warmth of disposition. These appealing qualities are found particularly in the lower tones.

"These are the sounds uttered so soothingly by Charles Boyer, and which the ladies are wild about. They are elemental, and need no reasoning to be understood.

"Mr. Boyer's voice with its basic tones in the primitive sounds of nature has a universal appeal," Miss Waters admits. "The allure of Dorothy Lamour's glamorous South Sea wail results from the same 'body' action as does Mr. Boyer's, added to his relaxed throat. Most movie lovers use the lower tones of their voices because they have more enriching overtones."

Mr. Boyer has, so Miss Waters brings to one's attention, another "nature-sound" in his voice, which further places him as a "great lover" of the screen—the "hum."

"Have you noticed the 'hum'—something like the humming of bees or the singing of the sea in Charles Boyer's voice?" she asks. "This vibration burnishes the voice with a sheen which strikes a glow in others' hearts. This same quality is found in the unique voice of Jean Arthur, whose upper register, furthermore, has a delightful lilt.

"Try 'humming' yourself," Miss Waters advises, "it is one of the easiest voice-improvers to practice. Just hum while you're taking a bath, reading the paper, or walking to work. See if this doesn't put a 'hum' into your romances!"

Much of the smoothness and pleasantness we like so much in the voices of the stars, Miss Waters attributes to the use of an open, relaxed throat, which leaves the voice free from constriction and tenseness. Those magnanimous, sympathetic tones in the voice of Olivia de Havilland have no faint sound of tightness in them. The intimacy of Mr. Boyer's best wooing voice also has no "walls."

"But me," you yourself who are reading this article may now be saying, "I wouldn't mind having my voice bring all sorts of wonderful things after it by its sound. I would just as soon it would be the right kind of a Pied Piper. I could use a swell job and a lot of riches. And I wouldn't mind having a new beau—or at least I don't want some other girl to go off with Charlie or John or Stan just because she's got something in her voice I haven't got." Or—if you're a young man, you may be saying you'd just as soon have that voice do a little fancy "humming," in the direction of a nice girl.

Crystal Waters is hopelessly optimistic about voices. She has seen so many poor little weedy, scrawny peeps grow into beautiful commanding voices dripping glamor, with the right kind of attention, that I thought I would go over to her studio and have a little talk about *you*. She's the kind of a voice-and-movie fan who simply loves to get into a discussion of her favorite subjects.

Miss Waters gave me the following advice—applicable to girls or men:

"First of all," she says, "place your interest in making it a beautiful voice for its own sake, then the nice things will follow.

"Then, have every confidence that your voice *can be improved*. The old idea was that the human voice was like the leopard's spots, fixed for life. People only trained a so-called 'good' voice in those unimaginative days. Today they take hold of a dull, feeble or harsh voice to *make* it 'good.'

"Next, you've got to get acquainted with your voice. You do not hear it the way it sounds to the outside world. Remember that it is necessary for you to hear it correctly to improve it.

"This is what you can do. Take a large piece of cardboard and hold it a few inches in front of your mouth and to one side. This will send the vibrations of your voice directly back into your ear. To aid in directing the vibrations, cup your free hand behind an ear. Then try your voice out. (See photo No. 1, page 34.)

"For ravishing visual beauty of mouth and lips in action, watch Paulette Goddard and Vivien Leigh, both of whom are graced with small, even teeth and tones as clear and free from huskiness as a bell. They have much the same charm of speech. They form their words in the front of their pretty mouths, where they should be formed, and with precision. Also notice their fine posture, heads high, backs flattened, chests up—which has much to do with the clearness of sound.

"Notice the singing sweetness of Deanna Durbin's soprano; the brittle staccato of amusing and smart Rosalind Russell's repartee; the round, open tones that give such disarming naturalness to Greer Garson's and Teresa Wright's dialogue.

"In fact," Miss Waters continued, "you will find that practically all of the newer stars have open, round throats and natural sounding voices, which go perfectly with the modern rôles most of them are cast in. They open their mouths wide, to let their voices out. They have humor and flexibility in their word formation, of tongue and lips.

"Timing is another point worth noticing. Remember, words have to have time to sink in. (A speaker also has to have time to drink in a breath.) Pause and give your listeners a chance to think over what you are saying, at the end of every phrase.

"Ronald Colman will give you excellent examples of timing in any of his rôles. So will Bette Davis—who will also give you the most scintillating pictures of word values to be found anywhere on the screen. Miss Davis fractures her voice into dozens of different fascinating colors and sounds upon the words of her dialogue. Each word she shapes and utters with precious care, as if it were a jewel—and hangs it, I might add, on a relaxed, open voice of pure gold, so perfect that not even the venom of a vixenish part can spoil it.

"Proper pausing gives the impression, too, of great poise. So if you'll just remember to pause at the end of phrases, or at the end of a thought, you may find yourself getting a reputation for assurance.

"Another thing that may entertain you will be to watch the deceptive smiles of many stars—you may catch them smiling more with their eyes than their lips, so as not to interfere with their words.

"Having visited the cinema as frequently as possible and also having been busy 'getting acquainted' with your voice—it is now time to have someone help you choose the tones (preferably lower ones, but with skillful use any interesting tones may suffice) around which to build your voice. This you cannot do for yourself alone. If a teacher is beyond your efforts your mother or a friend can sit with you and help you settle this momentous question.

"Then begin doing the following exercises regularly, always remembering to stand in perfect posture—chest up, back flattened, head directly over the source of sound. Here they are:

**a.** Yawn the most terrific yawns you can think of for five minutes when you first get out of bed, and again before you go to bed. As you yawn, slowly roll your head around, over the right shoulder, back over the left shoulder and forward. This stretches open the throat and relaxes it. (See photo No. 2, page 34.)

**b.** Swing your jaw back and forth 50 times so that you can open your mouth wide and let your voice out. (See page 35.)

**c.** Flip the tip of your tongue from a spot right back of the upper teeth to a spot right back of the lower teeth and back 50 times, to make it agile.

**d.** Inhale by lifting the ribs, especially the lowest one, and expanding the muscle at the waist line. Exhale by maintaining lifted ribs and pulling in at the waist line. (See photo No. 3, page 34.)

Increase breath capacity by lifting arms over head to inhale deeply (see photo No. 4); then drop forward from hips like a rag doll to exhale (photo No. 5). Inhale quickly and silently, exhale vigorously 20 times.

**e.** Hold your finger before your mouth and warm it with your breath. (See photo No. 6.) Repeat 20 times. Utilize this breath action for voice.


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# Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.


**f.** Alternately grunt—then hum—50 times whenever you think of it.

**g.** To loosen jaw, tongue and throat muscles, place elbows on table and chew downwards 20 times. Repeat three times a day.

**h.** At least once a week, but every day if possible, take half an hour to read aloud. Make your voice express your feeling, moods. Experiment by using the full-throated, vibrant voices and diversified endings to words of screen and radio stars."

"But I'm not an actress," your subversive elements may be whispering into your ear, now that it looks as if having a beautiful voice may require a little effort. "My voice gets by. Besides, I think it would be silly for any one in my circumstances to put on airs."

To this kind of argument Miss Waters replies, "Well, you need a good voice even to sell pies these days. On the other hand, we have just had the most glorious example to what heights of nobility and charm the human voice can rise in the speeches of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek before the American Congress. In her clear, cultured voice, vibrant with courage, she was enabled to endear herself and her land to the hearts of this country as few women have ever done before. President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill have voices which have been so thoroughly acclaimed that I do not need to more than mention them. All three are excellent movie subjects, also.

"Yes, it is more than possible that when Charles or John or Stan did not come to say goodbye to you that they went away with another girl's voice in their hearts. Perhaps you were simply aching to let him know that you cared—but you were afraid. Speak up from now on. Get acquainted with your voice, and see how much you will be able to contribute to the happiness of the world, which needs every lift it can get these days!

"One thing I learned from the boys I sang for in the entertainment huts back of the trenches in World War I," Miss Waters said, "was that we have no right to be careless in what we say to others or in the way that we say it.

"Many of them had had lightning romances, over-night marriages with girls they hardly knew—just as we are having them in World War II—in which the girl or the boy who could speak up and make themselves heard had the advantage. But whether they had known their sweethearts little or long, the voices stayed with them often when they could not recall the faces.

" 'Boy, can I remember every sweet little thing my girl said,' they would tell me. 'Sometimes it seems just as if her voice haunts me. It echoes in my ears sometimes, honest, when I'm trying to get a wink of sleep, and helps me forget how Jerry is speaking. The soft way your girl—it may be your mother—said she loves you, and you're tops, and she knows you'll come out all right—is food to a soldier.' "

Miss Waters sent me home with the following ringing in my ears. "If anybody says to you that a voice doesn't make any difference with our romances, I say, 'Tell it to the Marines.' "

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## Gloria Jean's Romantic Crushes

Continued from page 41

studio when she brought Gloria Jean. She couldn't afford a maid. And the family was making some real sacrifices to enable Gloria Jean to have her "try" in the movies.

"Sabu gave me a real cut-glass dresser set," Gloria Jean continued. "Bobby Scheerer brought a Victory gold pin with tiny emeralds.

"But Jimmy," she went on, "well, I guess most kids my age get interested in older men. It's his nice manners. His attitude toward me. There was a scene in 'For All We Know,' the Charles Boyer picture. I reached down into the water and clasped a hand that I thought was Alan Curtis'. And there was this handsome fellow—Jimmy. He held on to my hand as he got up from the water. I was so surprised. I think it was love at first sight!"

Two years ago Gloria Jean had been just a little girl from Scranton, Pa., with bobby socks and flat-heeled shoes. Now, Gloria Jean is a young woman. A girl with enticing blue eyes and the cutest figure in this town. Her hair is red-gold. Her lashes are naturally long and black. Her skin is pink and cream. She has the tiniest waist.

"Jimmy is very tall, five-feet-seven or more," Gloria Jean continued. "He rode in rodeos in North Dakota. He's a 'double' in the movies. I love his eyes—hazel, they are. He is so sincere and real and fine.

"The day after we first met, Jimmy called me. And the next day, and the next. He comes to the studio on a street car. So without a car I could understand why he didn't try to dash right up to see me. Our house is on top of a hill and far away from the street car line."

Gloria Jean's tone became more serious. "The third day someone came running on the set and said, 'I think your Jimmy has been killed in a serious accident on the "Texas" picture!'

"My heart jumped. He was supposed to call me that very night. Right then and there I knew how I felt about Jimmy. I began praying inside that there was some mistake. True, we hadn't had dates—yet. We'd only just met. But in all of my life I'd never been so scared. I knew it was love." Gloria Jean stopped for breath.

"I ran to the telephone. 'Yes, there had been a very serious accident with casualties. One boy killed. Two seriously injured. Jimmy? Why, he had both his legs broken!'

"I called the hospital. I was put through to talk to him. Just me and his mother. Finally he was taken home. I don't drive," Gloria Jean said with regret, "so I finally had to coax Daddy to take me over to see him. Mother sent a chocolate cake. We had a nice visit. But it was very short. I couldn't keep Daddy waiting too long.

"But we haven't despaired," Gloria Jean brightened. "True love never runs smoothly. Jimmy's still laid up and now I'm all taped up with my rib. We get lots of comfort talking on the telephone and making plans.

"I think a girl can tell in her heart how she feels," Gloria Jean said seriously. "I never felt this way exactly about Donald O'Connor. He's a very nice boy too. He used to say to me, 'Gloria Jean, if you'll wait seven years for me we'll get married!' Then he'd keep making it less years. Finally he got it down to when I was eighteen and he would be nineteen. "I told Donald 'yes' each time. But it was only in fun."

Donald was the first boy Gloria Jean steady-dated. She still has the gold bracelet he gave her for Christmas. But Gloria Jean, just recently, had to tell Donald that now there's a new boy in her heart. Jimmy!

"It used to be," Gloria Jean said, "before I could announce I was sixteen even, the boys would always say, 'I wish you were a couple of years older—and I'd ask you

for a date!' Instead they'd always ask my older sister Sally.

"Sally always gets the boys," Gloria Jean said. "They think I'm just a baby."

"Never mind, Gloria Jean," I comforted. "It won't be long before you'll be old enough to have boys admire *you*. Remember you're a movie star. You're a very pretty girl. Wait and see what happens when you get to be 16 or 17."

"If I tell you a secret, will you promise never to tell?" she had asked suddenly. "I'm really fourteen not thirteen. I'm supposed to be younger in pictures. I have to wear little-girl dresses and flat heels," she sighed.

"One day I was celebrating my birthday. Mother and Father said they had a real big surprise for me. That I was actually two years older than I really was known to be. I had never known my real age until then. Overnight I was sixteen!

"The studio had a rôle for me of an eleven-year-old child." Gloria Jean was exuberant in the telling. "Ray Jones called me in for publicity pictures. 'Gloria Jean,' he said, 'are you sure you're not older than fourteen?' I told him the dilemma I was in. He said, 'We'll fix that for you. Go home and get a bathing suit. I'll make some pictures of you.'

"I dashed home and borrowed Sally's best-looking bathing suit. You should have seen those pictures! Then and there the studio announced my real age. Life became wonderful overnight.

"As for Sally—she's mooning all over the place for Fred. Sally's had more boy friends than any girl I know. She's dreadfully popular. Then she met Fred. She really went out of this world. Sally's the cashier of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Fred managed the Pantages up the Boulevard. They were going to be married New Year's. But he was sent to Texas for Officer Candidate School. Now he's settled for a while. I guess they'll be married soon now." Gloria was starry-eyed, revelling in sister Sally's plans. "I'm too young for marriage," she said. "Until now I've kept getting crushes. Some seemed serious at the time. But I've always felt that one day I would meet the right boy. I haven't worried —because I knew he'd come along. Jimmy has. Of course his having two broken legs at the very time of our meeting, and being laid up, and neither of us with cars, and gas rationing, has been a terrible problem for us. But I'm sure now, that he's the one.

"Before Jimmy, there was one other boy who sort of fascinated me on the lot. Turhan Bey. He's twenty or more. I think the reason I like older men is because they're quieter and not so noisy as the jitterbug crowd. They are more gallant and thoughtful. They have nicer manners.

"I got the make-up man to introduce us in the commissary. I made it look like we were just passing Turhan's table. It was all quite impromptu. He asked to call. " 'I'd love to have you come over and visit me on the set this afternoon,' I replied.

"But the most dreadful thing happened. I was never so mortified. Turhan came to my set and asked for me. And what do you think they said to him? 'Why, Gloria Jean is in school. Her teacher doesn't permit visitors when she's doing her lessons.'

"I almost died. Imagine my embarrassment. He had thought me a young lady—and they had to go and tell him that I'm in school with my teacher.

"The next day I saw Turhan in the commissary. I said, 'Why didn't you come over on the set? I waited tea for you.' He said, 'I tried. But they said you were in school studying your lessons. We'll make another date when you finish your education!

"I said, 'I'm seventeen. So that won't be very long!'

"You can see what a handicap I am under. Besides I'm so short, five-feet-two.

"However," Gloria Jean smiled triumphantly, " 'For All We Know' proves I'm no child. Everyone will know I'm grown-up then. I play a nineteen-year-old girl. Charles Boyer, the producer, tested 60 girls for the rôle of the blind girl in this sequence. When my name was suggested, everyone said, 'But Gloria Jean's such a child!' I made the test and was chosen. I couldn't believe it. In the picture Alan Curtis shoots my father so he can steal me —to make love to me. We have a terrifically dramatic scene where I am fighting his kisses. That's when my rib was broken."

"I can get all of Sally's leftover boy friends," Gloria Jean smiled. "I can sound like Sally on the telephone. They'll call, 'Hello, Sally, how are you?' I let them rave on for a half hour before I let them know that Sally isn't at home.

"Suddenly being one year younger than Sally, instead of three, brought Sally and me closer. She had so much advice to give me on handling boy friends.

"We've always been so confidential, I feel I can tell you anything," Gloria Jean said to me. "Well, almost anything."

"You can," I confirmed. "Because I never told—when you told me you were 14 instead of 13!"

Gloria Jean reached over and squeezed my hand gratefully. "Now I'll admit to you that I've had several crushes on older men," she said. "I had a terrible crush on Charles Boyer when I was 14. When we finished the picture, he presented me with a lovely bracelet. Mr. Duvivier gave me a bottle of Chantilly perfume.

"I dreamed about Alan Curtis one night," she went on. "I know he is 31, but he looks so young. I try to be very grown-up when we are together. After all, we've made love scenes. But he still treats me as a little kid."

Mrs. Schoonover, coming in just in time to hear her famous daughter's last remark, said, "Gloria Jean, did you tell May about the sailor-boy in Boston?"

"Oh yes," Gloria Jean remembered. "Mother and I went to Boston for a première. The hotel switchboard operator said there was a sailor who'd been waiting in the lobby to see me. He had just arrived in Boston harbor from forty miles out at sea —in a submarine. He had bet twenty fellows a dollar each he'd get to see Gloria Jean. I gave him an initialed handkerchief and an autographed picture. He said he'd put it up in his sub."

"Since I've grown up my fan mail has doubled," Gloria Jean said, going over to the phonograph. "And please don't think I'm boasting, but I *am* pleased."

Mr. Schoonover had an interesting story to relate. The studio reported a forlorn youth of 19, who hung around the front gate. "I want to see Gloria Jean," he persisted. He was unshaven and hungry and his clothes were ragged. He had hitchhiked from Ohio, just to see Gloria Jean. Mrs. Schoonover met him. She gave him money for food. She told him to be at the gate at six P. M. when Gloria Jean would stop as they drove out. "Would you like my picture?" Gloria Jean asked him. "Oh no," he replied. "I have hundreds of you already." He pulled out a dozen or more with faded clippings of Gloria Jean, from inside his shirt.

"When I first met Jimmy," Gloria Jean said, in after-thought, "he seemed impressed with me too. He was just on the verge of asking for a date, when a girl came up and almost ruined everything. She said, 'Gloria Jean, your teacher is looking for you everywhere.' Jimmy ignored her. He turned to me with such understanding.

"It may be old-fashioned," she concluded, "but a boy I am serious about will have to pass Mother's approval. A girl can't risk her heart. I'm just waiting to see what Mother thinks of Jimmy!"

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# Bergman and "The Bell"

Continued from page 45

body's New Year. But your birthday is your own individual private new year.

Several of the executives at the studio complained bitterly about casting Miss Bergman, who sort of radiates sincerity and wholesomeness, as the bewitching *Clio* —a gal who had a lot in common with *Scarlett O'Hara*. But Sam Wood, who had directed her in the "Bell," was determined to have her. "They seemed to believe that I could play Swedish nurse maids only," said Ingrid. "Mr. Wood reminded them that several years ago I was in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' There were bits in that picture in which I definitely did not look or act like a nurse. Mr. Wood showed the scenes to the people who were doubtful. And I got the job. I am glad. I like to work."

*Maria* was something else again. Ever since she has been in America friends have told Ingrid that before she can become a great actress with a lot of emotional depth and understanding she must have a kick in the teeth. "Things have been too easy for you, Ingrid," they've told her. "You must have a big disappointment. It must break your heart. You must suffer, suffer, suffer." Ingrid was fully convinced that she must have a disappointment. And for a long time it looked very much as if *Maria* would provide her with same.

"I wanted to play *Maria* more than any part in the world," she said with a sigh. "I read Mr. Hemingway's book when it was first published. It was quite a struggle, too, as my English was very labored and I had to keep looking up words in the dictionary. I loved *Maria* from the first moment. When I read that Paramount had bought the screen rights and would make it into a picture starring Gary Cooper, I uttered up a little prayer that they would want me to play *Maria*.

"In March, 1941, I had gone with my husband to June Lake in the High Sierras, for a skiing vacation, when I received a message that Ernest Hemingway was in San Francisco, en route to China, and wished to see me to discuss *Maria*. I left at once from Reno for San Francisco. Mrs. Hemingway met me there and introduced me to her famous husband. I looked like the dickens. My nose was peeling and I was badly burned by the snow and wind. He stared at me at first as if frightened that he had made the wrong choice. Then he smiled and said, 'I guess I didn't need to be worried.' We discussed *Maria* all afternoon. He showed me exactly how my hair should be cut for the part. And in my copy of the novel he wrote, 'For Ingrid Bergman, who is the *Maria* of this story.'"

And for months and months that was as close as Ingrid Bergman got to *Maria*. She suffered, all right.

Paramount realized that the part of *Maria* would bring terrific success to any actress who played it. The part was a natural. Why give the plum of the year to some other studio's player? That would be silly. David O. Selznick had signed Vivien Leigh, almost an unknown, for little more than peanuts when he gave her the rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With the Wind." And look at the money he had cleaned up on her! Paramount started testing "unknowns" for *Maria*. Then later when they had decided that the part called for a "name" player they handed it to Zorina, who was on the studio's contract list, and due for a build-up. Zorina, tops in her profession as a glamorous ballet dancer, just wasn't the warm, earth-born *Maria*. She had spent most of her life on her toes or on stilted high heels. On the other hand, as Sam Wood, Gary Cooper, and the fans pointed out, Ingrid Bergman was perfect for the part. Because of her height—she is five feet seven and a half inches and very sensitive about it, though she shouldn't be—she always wears low-heeled slippers, and scrambling around steep rocks in rope sandals certainly was not difficult for her. Both girls have sex appeal. But Ingrid's was the type that took to pants and a shirt—*Maria's* one outfit.

After a few days on the strenuous location in the High Sierras (which look as grim and forbidding as Spain's Sierra de Guadarrama) Zorina was called back to the studio. The picture was one-third finished, and still there wasn't a *Maria*. Paramount hastily called Mr. Selznick, and Mr. Selznick called his star who, at the moment, was in the gallery at Warner Brothers taking "romantic" art with Humphrey Bogart to publicize "Casablanca." They will tell you at Warners that you can easily tell which pictures were taken before, and which after, Ingrid received the phone message saying, "You are *Maria*." Mr. Bogart cannot take any credit for that ecstatic, so-in-love look on his co-star's face.

"So *Maria* wasn't to be the big disappointment of my life after all," said Ingrid with a laugh. "I guess I still have it coming to me."

On Ingrid Bergman *Maria's* haircut looks good. *Maria*, as you recall, had her hair shaved off three months before she met *Robert Jordan* (Gary Cooper). As Hemingway describes it, "Her hair was the golden brown of a grain field that has been burned dark in the sun, but it was cut short all over her head so that it was but little longer than the fur of a beaver pelt." Not many women can get away with that.

It appeared recently in a magazine that Ingrid wore a wig during the "Bell." That she refused to cut her hair off. That is not true. Wally Westmore, head of make-up at Paramount, cut her hair one and a half inches, and the studio wrote a clause in her contract which said, "keep her hair cut within an inch and a half of her scalp for a period of six months."

Ingrid was born in Stockholm, Sweden, the daughter of a fairly well-to-do photographer. (You can send her "Happy New Year" greetings on August 9th.) Her mother died when she was two years old. She was brought up by her father and an aunt, whom she adored. She remembers that when she was a little girl her father went away on a long trip and sent her postcards with pretty pictures on them. "They were pictures of orange groves and palm trees in a mysterious place called California," said *Maria* with a twinkle in her eye. "I looked it up in my geography book. Years later I looked it up on a train schedule."

When she was twelve her father and aunt died, within a few months of each other, and Ingrid was heart-broken. She went to live with an uncle and his five children. Her uncle was kind to her, but he just couldn't imagine any nice girl in her right mind wanting to be an actress—and that's what Ingrid, at the age of fifteen, had decided to be. (Later, this same uncle who had fought the stage so bitterly became her most enthusiastic fan.)

A play she had written, and directed, and appeared in, while she was at the Lyceum for Flickor, Stockholm's noted school for girls, brought her to the attention of the Director of the Royal Dramatic Theater School. She enrolled in the dramatic classes and surprised her teachers by working harder than they had ever seen any young girl work before. Ingrid hasn't a lazy bone in her body. Never did have. Today she is the despair of her agents. Hardly is one film finished before she calls them and says, "What's my next picture? I want to work right away." And this in a town where the glamorous ones are always whining, "I'm worked to death. I'm so tired. I must have a vacation."

"I spent all my allowance going to matinées in Stockholm," said Ingrid. "When I left the theater after the last act curtain I could recite every line of dialogue. I had a terrific memory in those days. I couldn't do it now."

It was while she was going to the dramatic school that she met a young medical student named Peter Lindstrom. It was not love at first sight. Several years later she married him in a little white country church. She wore a veil. Everything was very Swedish and very proper.

While she was at the dramatic school a talent scout for Svensk Filmindustri selected her for a small part in "Munkbrogreven." During the next few years she appeared in eleven Swedish motion pictures.

Her first contact with Hollywood was several years ago when she attended a dinner party in Stockholm and found Bob Taylor on one side of her, and Robert Ritchie on the other. Bob was in Europe at the time working in "A Yank at Oxford" at the British studios. Agent Ritchie suggested she come to Hollywood. Ingrid said no, thanks.

The producer David Selznick went to see a Swedish movie called "Intermezzo." "You'll want to buy it because of a song in it," he was informed. After running the picture, Selznick said, "I like the story. I'll buy the picture and remake it. And that girl in it is great. I'll buy her, too."

He cabled her an offer, which she refused. So then he sent Katherine Brown, his story editor, to Stockholm with very simple and terse instructions. They were, "Get Bergman." She did. With the proviso that if Ingrid did not like Hollywood she could return to Sweden after making one picture.

In Hollywood Ingrid lives very simply. Whether she is working, or isn't working, you have to call her before nine-thirty to find her at home. She confesses that she likes to eat, and spends much time browsing around the Farmers Market. The American dish she has gone overboard about is corn on cob. She simply can't get enough of it. She likes to shop for Pia, but can't bear to shop for herself. She admires women like Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne who wear clothes beautifully, and she always plans to get herself a lot of striking clothes. But she never does. She just can't face fittings!

She is the most un-actressy of all Hollywood actresses. One of the studio policemen has a pet story he enjoys telling on her. Seems that he found her one morning with her bumpers hooked into those of another car which had been carelessly parked in the driveway. She was heaving and tugging with all her might, and before he could reach her she had the cars untangled. "Strangest thing I ever saw," he says with a chuckle. "First movie star I ever knew that didn't mind getting her hands dirty. And she didn't cuss out the other fellow for leaving his car parked right in her way. Never saw anything like it before!"



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